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The Shape of Things

BY COURAGE, OBSTINACY, AND A GENUINE belief in democratic rule, the people of Italy are slowly winning their political battle. Step by step they have forced the "ex"-Fascists now in power to yield ground, and have circumvented the attempts of the Allied military control to buttress the status quo. The latest victory is Badoglio's promise to resign as Premier as soon as Rome has been freed. Behind this obvious admission of failure lies a series of events that show the growing strength of the democratic opposition. Chief among them was Count Sforza's refusal to head a Cabinet under the King. Sforza has steadily insisted that the King's abdication is a prerequisite for any effective government. His position was strengthened by the more drastic demands embodied in a manifesto issued by the Rome Committee of Liberation. This important group called for a government representing only those elements that have a record of steady opposition to Fascism and the war. In lieu of any satisfactory solution, Badoglio has created a Cabinet of "technical experts" to carry on until Rome falls—and he with it. But this is an obvious stop-gap and nothing more. Real power is passing to the people and nothing can check it.

*

PROBABLY TO HELP PUT A DAMPER ON THE rampant over-optimism concerning the duration of the war, the Office of War Information now reveals that Hitler's speech of last week was not quite so despairing as at first reported. Referring to the corrected text, the New York *Times* cites the Führer's boast that while losses have been sustained this year, the "ring of encirclement" which existed at the start of the war has been destroyed "with powerful history-making blows." And it points out that while Hitler did in fact remark that "if the German people despair, they will deserve no better than they get," his speech did not end on that note, as reported, but on the contrary with the "fanatic

NEXT WEEK—
"EMPLOYMENT AFTER THE WAR"
By THOMAS R. AMLIE
A SPECIAL NATION SUPPLEMENT

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belief that nothing can exist for us but our victory." Noting these changes, and also reports that the speech was well received in Germany, we still cannot shake the impression that it was essentially the words of a man who, knowing himself doomed, is determined to sell his life dearly. The braggart who two years ago announced that "never was a great empire smashed and destroyed in shorter time than was Soviet Russia this time" and who last year proclaimed "Stalingrad firmly in German hands" was reduced to assuring his people that the Allies would find an invasion of Western Europe harder than landing in Sicily. Both Stalin and Churchill emphasized in the same week that much sacrifice and hardship lie ahead and warned against the slightest relaxation in the Allied countries. But their words, ringing with confidence, contrasted strongly with the Führer's assurance that whatever might happen he would not go crazy.

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD WOOLTON AS British Minister of Reconstruction provides a perfect illustration of that British Tory flexibility which Freda Kirchwey refers to in her article on page 581. Mr. Churchill's inclination has been to keep post-war problems in the background. The present British government, he said in a recent speech, had no right "except with a very general measure of agreement" to go beyond "the one function by which its continued existence is justified —the prosecution of the war." His aim has been to sidetrack political controversies which might endanger the party truce. But as the London *Times* has pointed out, a policy of doing nothing is also controversial. The British people know that they have to face economic and social readjustments which will tax all their imagination, energy, and genius for compromise. They do not want to be as unprepared for peace as they were for war. After resisting this public mood for a long time, the Prime Minister has recognized its strength by an appointment likely to meet general acclaim. As Minister of Food since April, 1940, Lord Woolton has achieved several near miracles. He has maintained an adequate supply of food and distributed it fairly, he has greatly improved the nutritional standards of the poorer classes and so contributed to the excellent health record of Britain throughout the war, he has kept prices on an even keel, and he has made rationing popular. New Deal baiters might note that he has been both a teacher of economics and a social worker. He entered the business world as personnel manager for an important chain of department stores, where he carried out an enlightened employment policy with such success that he was promoted to general manager and eventually chairman. With his experience in both government and industry, his belief in planning, and his social consciousness, he seems a "natural" for his new job.

ONLY THOSE WITH SHORT MEMORIES WILL be shocked at the long-distance flirtation between Lieutenant Colonel Philip F. La Follette and Colonel Robert R. McCormick. Hardly more than a fellow-traveler of the New Deal at its inception, the former governor of Wisconsin soon turned into a determined opponent. Not content with the negative role of sniping from the sidelines, he blossomed forth in 1938 with his National Progressives of America, a curious political creation which attempted to harness the effective demagogic devices of fascism to avowedly democratic purposes. But the Roosevelt strength was not as far gone as La Follette thought, and the deepening crisis abroad served to enhance the President's position. La Follette thereupon laid aside his pretty flags with their cross-and-circle symbol and plumped for America First. Now, in the South Pacific, he continues to follow the prescribed path of the good America Firster. Attached to General MacArthur's staff, he is widely regarded as the liaison man between the General and the MacArthur-for-President forces in this country. It is the General's candidacy in fact which has brought this holder of a name revered in liberal circles to terms of bubbling cordiality with the publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*. ". . . the way you have stood up, taken it on the chin, and kept coming back to give 'em some more during the last year is grand," La Follette wrote McCormick a few weeks ago. "Perhaps some day some of us over here can put our oar in back home and lend a helping hand." Is the notorious *Tribune* just another device with which La Follette hopes to achieve a purer democracy?

*

THE PETROLEUM INDUSTRIAL WAR COUNCIL, refusing to take the emphatic "noes" of the OPA and the Economic Stabilization Director for an answer, is now lobbying Congress to obtain a boost in crude oil prices. No doubt it can count on support from the delegations of the leading oil-producing states, and probably it hopes for a deal with the farm bloc, which is also out to exploit a sellers' market to the limit. The big oil companies which dominate the Council can hardly claim that present prices are ruining them, for their published accounts show that they are making handsome profits. They rely, therefore, on the argument that the present price of crude is too low to compensate for the risks involved in sinking new wells. The result, they assert, is that the discovery of new reserves is lagging far behind current production. It appears, however, that the big oil companies, while reluctant to invest money in exploration, are quite willing to buy proved oil reserves at speculative prices. According to the *Wall Street Journal* of November 9, major companies have been buying wells from East Texas independents at prices which meant paying from $1 to $1.25 a barrel for oil *in the ground*. A normal valuation would be 15 to 50

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cents a barrel. The present OPA ceiling for crude in this district is $1.25; so that buyers of wells at these fancy rates are discounting a sharp upward revision of the price of crude. The implied confidence in Congressional willingness to break the opposition of the government agencies charged with "holding the line" will, we hope, spur consumers to make their voices heard on Capitol Hill. The extra 35 cents a barrel which the oil companies have demanded will cost the public at least a cool half-billion dollars.

*

SENATOR REYNOLDS AND THE DEMOCRATIC machine of North Carolina have come to a parting of the ways. In his twelve years of Senatorial service Reynolds has compiled a record so distinguished that today he is opposed by 93 of the state's 100 Democratic county chairmen, its entire delegation in the House of Representatives, the Governor, and practically all the press of North Carolina. In the light of this remarkable achievement perhaps it is not altogether coincidental that Mr. Reynolds now finds himself too busy to run for renomination. His burdens as a Senator, he says, are too heavy to permit him to take time off for campaigning, and he must consequently choose between the "service of my state and nation, or the furtherance of my own personal, political ambition." Ever the slave to duty, the Senator, whose "service" includes rabid isolationism, clowning, race-baiting in all its forms, and general rabble-rousing, intends to "continue in public life" the fight for those principles which have marked his legislative career. A foretaste of the rich public life that lies ahead for "Our Bob," as he is affectionately billed by his publicity staff, is the letter written a month ago to Gerald Winrod, the Kansas Streicher, and printed by the New York *Post*. "These character assassins," Reynolds wrote, referring to critics of the "Jayhawk Nazi," who is now under indictment for sedition, "are still at large but the day of reckoning will arrive and is on its way. With assurances of my highest esteem," etc. Our congratulations to North Carolina.

*

IN VOTING TO EXTEND QUEZON'S TERM AS Chief Executive of the Philippine Commonwealth, Congress was undoubtedly motivated by a desire to make the utmost use of Quezon's very considerable prestige as leader of Filipino resistance. A substantial minority in the House quite properly raised the question whether the desire to capitalize on Quezon's prestige was worth overriding the explicit provisions of the Philippine Constitution under which the Vice President would have succeeded him upon the expiration of his term. The question is practical as well as legal since Vice President Osmena is probably more popular in the Philippines than Quezon. A much more effective move to offset Japan's recent declaration of "independence" for the Philippines would have been the adoption by Congress of the President's proposal that the date for the liberation of the islands be advanced from 1946, as provided under the present law. Reports from reliable sources indicate that the Japannese are having greater success than is ordinarily realized in obtaining cooperation from the Filipino population. While some guerrilla warfare contines, particularly in the south, the United States is not, at the moment, winning the political battle in the islands. Nothing short of a declaration of complete independence, with economic guarantees, will serve to reverse the trend.

Britain's Contribution

THE President's message on reverse lend-lease and the White Paper released simultaneously in London and Washington by the British government provide the best of answers to those who think we have somehow been victimized by the British in this war. The first thing that strikes one in comparing these documents with the President's last report on lend-lease in August is that British cash purchases in this country have actually been greater than lend-lease exports. The White Paper discloses for the first time that these cash purchases amounted to $6,000,000,000, as compared with total lend-lease exports to the United Kingdom on June 30 last of somewhat less than $4,500,000,000. This $4,500,000,000 must be regarded as a protective payment on our part to keep Britain in the war as our transatlantic bulwark against Nazism. For as the White Paper says of the $6,000,000,000 in cash earlier spent here for supplies, Britain's liquid financial resources were becoming exhausted, and it was faced with the danger that the flow of munitions and food would be reduced through its inability to pay.

No balance sheet can ever encompass the greater price paid by Britain in property and lives in the war against the Axis. If a balance must be struck, this $4,500,000,000 is offset by reverse lend-lease on June 30 last of $871,000,000 from the United Kingdom. Our last lend-lease report showed total lend-lease exports to China, India, Australia, and New Zealand of $1,133,000,000. The figures were lumped together, probably in order to hide the minute measure of our aid to China. Against this we must offset $300,000,000 in reverse lend-lease from Australia, New Zealand, and India. This does not measure the full extent of the British Commonwealth's contribution to "mutual aid," as lend-lease is called in Britain. For Canada has made a $1,000,000,000 gift of aid to the mother country, and is making another $1,000,000,000 gift to others of the United Nations, a far greater per capita lend-lease expenditure than our own. Nor does it take into account British contributions to others of the United Nations.

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In addition to reverse lend-lease to our own country, Britain supplied $716,000,000 worth of supplies to the Soviet Union and $750,000,000 worth to other allies. Britain's total payments to the United Nations in excess of the amounts received from them amount to $9,000,000,000. How enormous this amount is may be seen by comparing it with the total of our own lend-lease exports to all United Nations on June 30. The total was $9,882,000,000. One must also consider that costs here are about 50 per cent higher than in Britain, so that an expenditure of $1.50 here is the equivalent of not much more than $1 there. It may also be recalled that the United Kingdom's population is about one-third ours.

Australia with its 7,000,000 people and New Zealand with its 1,600,000 have made huge per capita contributions to reverse lend-lease. This is especially striking in the case of foodstuffs. They have supplied the bulk of the requirements for the American forces in the South and Southwest Pacific. We have never made public detailed figures on our lend-lease of foodstuffs, which is considerably below our food exports in the last war. But a few figures are available. Our total exports of butter in the first half of this year were 8,100,000 pounds. Australia by June 30 had contributed 6,628,000 pounds to our troops and New Zealand 12,550,000 more of butter and cheese. We shipped 45,400,000 pounds of beef under lend-lease during the first six months of this year. Reverse lend-lease of meat by Australia on June 30 totaled 61,480,000 pounds, while New Zealand's contribution by that date was 49,650,000 pounds of fresh meat and another 21,600,000 of canned meat. These figures are not comparable, but they provide a good idea of the magnitude of the contributions made by these British Commonwealth countries.

Finally we may note that while lend-lease is about 12 per cent of our war expenditures, mutual aid is about 10 per cent of Britain's. When we consider the greater sacrifices made by Britain in the war, and the part that lend-lease has played in helping other people to fight our battles as well as their own, Britain's is an excellent record. We do not cite these figures to disparage our own contribution but to shame the mean-minded and the Anglophobes. There are entirely too many of them, though they are still a minority, in Congress and the press.

Opportunities in Algiers

NOTHING could more clearly demonstrate the failure of our policy toward the Fighting French than the reorganization of the Committee of National Liberation which has just taken place in Algiers. We who chose in turn Pétain, Darlan, and Giraud in preference to General de Gaulle now witness De Gaulle's complete political triumph. With the withdrawal of Giraud and all but two of his appointees from the committee, De Gaulle, whose prestige we tried by every device, open and not so open, to undermine, becomes the recognized leader not only of free Frenchmen throughout the world but of those Frenchmen who constitute the spearhead of resistance in France itself.

One of the principal items in our stock of rationalizations concerning De Gaulle was that he lacked popular support. But the chief significance of the political shift in the committee last week is that the shakeup was forced by representatives of the resistance movements, who have been arriving in Algiers in increasing numbers. According to these active fighters, De Gaulle is more popular in France today than he has ever been, and he has American diplomacy, at least in part, to thank for it. At first many Frenchmen were taken in by German propaganda which took the tack that De Gaulle was a tool of the Western powers. "But," one of them reports, "as soon as we saw that it was Giraud and not De Gaulle who was invited to the United States, we knew that the enemy propaganda was wrong."

However at variance this end-result may be from our diplomats' intentions, we could accept it as a fortunate outcome were it not for the deep distrust that has naturally been sown in the process. Instead of confronting a French power grown strong with our aid and encouragement, we confront one that has grown strong despite us. In terms of diplomacy that is a compounded failure. We must now contend with a coolness and a national sensitivity which are in good part of our own making.

This sensitivity was all too plain in the tart reaction of the committee to the Moscow agreement. The fate of Germany, the committee said bluntly, could not be decided without France; since France was not represented at the Moscow conference, it could hardly be bound by any decisions reached there. The fact that this acid reminder was addressed to the Soviet Union as well as to Britain and America, coupled with the absence of Communist representation on the reorganized committee, tend to disprove the hoary charge that the De Gaullists are under Communist, or even Russian, domination. Both circumstances, on the contrary, add evidence to the truth that the source of Gaullist strength is in France itself, and that if this strength rests on any "ism" at all, it is nationalism.

This circumstance throws light on the refusal of the committee to grant complete immediate independence to the Lebanese. The Allies have been extremely careful to reject the notion that the committee constitutes a government. As Churchill put it, they "are not the owners but the trustees of the title deeds of France." It is hard to see how the trustees for a people rendered acutely sensitive to their world standing could surrender any of those "title deeds" under duress. De Gaulle is in far less

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favorable a position to preside at the liquidation of the French Empire than is Churchill to perform that function for Britain.

Regardless of whether or not it was feasible for the committee to be represented at Moscow, there are moves that can be made now to assure the French of our good faith. General de Gaulle points out that so far no arrangements have been made for cooperation between the French committee and Allied military authorities concerning the invasion of France. A move in this direction would not only help to avoid political embarrassment in the future but would go far toward eliminating the suspicions which have so corroded Anglo-American relations with the French. At Moscow our representatives had the courage and good sense to abandon a policy which would ultimately have led to a clash with Russia. Developments in Algiers now afford us an opportunity to reverse an equally bankrupt policy, which can only end in the hostility of a resurgent France.

China's Role in the War

HOPES for more effective Chinese participation in the war have been raised by the recent and apparently successful consultations between Chiang Kai-shek, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Lieutenant General Stilwell, and by China's rather unexpected participation in the Moscow conference. But these favorable developments should not blind us to the serious difficultes that must still be overcome before China can become an effective partner in the coming offensive against Japan. Recent information from China suggests that these difficulties are probably greater today than at any time in the past despite the recent successes at Chungking and Moscow.

Officially, there has been no hint that relations between China and the other United Nations have not been of the most cordial and cooperative nature. There is no reason to believe that if Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek met around a table they would have any great difficulty in reaching an agreement on most of the main issues in the field of war strategy and peace plans for the Far East. The problems that have arisen concern the practical working relations between the British and American armies on one side and the Chinese on the other. They concern also China's internal strains and stresses, its capacity to mobilize its resources for an all-out military effort.

A great part of the difficulty on the American side derives from the fact that the Chinese war effort has been oversold to the American public. Our soldiers and technicians in China have suffered an unhealthy disillusionment when confronted with the harsh realities of the Chinese situation. Some of this was perhaps inevitable, but a large part of it could have been avoided by more careful preparation by our military educational authorities. American and Chinese military methods have little in common. In some respects the Chinese methods are probably better adapted to Chinese conditions, in others they are perhaps inferior; but the practical problems of working out cooperation could have been eased if the Americans had known what to expect before being sent on the job. This preliminary education might well have included some inkling of how primitive life is in the interior of China, of its background of warlordism, its semi-legalized traditions of "squeeze" among officials, in both high and low places, together with some information regarding the effects of internal dissension on the military effort. With such preparation there might not be so much grumbling to the effect that China is not carrying its share of the load.

Although the danger of civil strife between the Kuomintang and the Communists seems to have been averted for the present, internal political dissension still has a paralyzing effect on the country's military and economic effort. The suspicion and open antagonism between these two factions are only a small part of the picture. Owing to the rivalry of cliques within the Kuomintang, Chiang Kai-shek's power often is little more than nominal. Orders from the local war lord in a provincial capital are often far more influential than those issued by the Generalissimo. On the economic front the war effort has sagged badly, owing partly to profiteering and speculation and partly to the destructive effects of the inflation. At first, rising prices tended to stimulate both industrial and farm production, but the inflationary cycle has now reached such an advanced stage that producers find it almost impossible to operate under government contracts. The resultant slackening of production has naturally placed a heavier burder on the United States and Britain, for it means that shipments must be greatly increased before China can play a decisive role in the war.

Problems of this kind undoubtedly place a great strain on our American military leaders, whose one interest is to get on with the war. It is only natural that some of them should be tempted to write China off as an effective ally and think of the war as primarily an Anglo-American undertaking. A far more constructive approach, in view of China's strategic geographical position and tremendous potentialities in man-power and resources, would be to seek agreements with the Chinese designed to minimize the difficulties. Perhaps the best way to make sure that civil war is not brought on by "incidents" in the border areas of the northwest, for example, would be for American military posts to be set up there just as in the areas under direct Central Government control. There is every reason to believe that if more American aid were sent to these areas, the tempo of guerrilla warfare could be greatly stepped up. In the economic field

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the United States could undoubtedly utilize its gold resources in checking the inflation, provided the Chinese government took effective steps to curb profiteering and stimulate production. Because China is rightly sensitive regarding foreign interference in its internal affairs, agreements of this kind may not be easy to arrange. But the Moscow conference has shown the world that when the stakes are high, the most difficult problems can be resolved. Someone with real authority should go to Chungking and seek a settlement while there is yet time.

A Nation of Cry-Babies

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 11

PRICE and wage stabilization is complicated business. You start with the simple concept of a ceiling, and you end by analyzing the hind quarters of a steer to make sure that price control isn't circumvented by substituting an inferior cut of meat for a better. You insert a control at one point in your war economy and find you have twenty problems for each one you have solved. The present shenanigans of the corn-hog ratio may serve to illustrate the complexities. If the price of hogs gets too far ahead of the price of corn, it pays farmers better to feed their corn to their hogs and sell it as pork than to put the corn on the market *in persona propria*. The ratio at this time, though narrower than a year ago, is still too wide. Chicago stockyards are glutted with hogs, while the shortage of corn is hampering other branches of agriculture (dairies, poultry, cattle) which also need corn for feed, and many sections of war industry, which use it in making alcohol (converted in turn into smokeless powder and synthetic rubber), plastics, paper, and other materials.

Because so much corn grunts its way to Chicago as pork, scarce tankers must be used to bring molasses from the Caribbean for alcohol, and Great Lakes steamers needed for iron ore must be diverted to bring wheat from Canada for Northeastern livestock. Politics doesn't make the situation any simpler. The Department of Agriculture, largely responsible for this disarranged corn-hog ratio, has always been orientated toward the Midwest and is as Republican-minded, even under Democratic Administrations, as the corn belt. While booming farm prices haven't made the Midwest any less Republican—it turns slightly Democratic only in adversity—the chief sufferers from the march of relatively low-priced corn into decidedly high-priced hogs have been Northeastern dairy and poultry farmers and Southwestern cattle raisers. The latter are Democrats by tradition, the former occasionally Democrats by persuasion. Neither tradition nor persuasion is likely to hold them in line in the absence of plentiful feed supplies, and the 1944 election cannot be won without them.

On this, as on other sectors of the crumbling anti-inflation front, the Administration is trying to cushion the producer's feed-supply difficulties with a subsidy, instead, for example, of raising the price of milk. One virtue of this approach, as that excellent little farm paper *Spade* pointed out recently, is its economy: it would take a $2 price increase to put an equivalent $1 in the pocket of the farmer. It is cheaper to do it directly, by a subsidy, which has the added merit of holding down the cost of living. This virtue of the subsidy is its chief defect in the eyes of the distributor and the middleman. And if the truth be told, it does not appeal greatly to the farmer, whom the vagaries of nature have made a gambler. His hankering as a debtor for the roulette of inflation has haunted American politics for several generations, and like every other class and group in our country he is much quicker to see his immediate profit advantage as a producer than his ultimate fate in a general débâcle. Far more serious than the corn-hog ratio is the hog-patriot ratio, which has never in our history been wider. In Congress the voices of moderation find it hard to be heard, and good men are stampeded—Voorhis and Pepper, for example, on citrus fruits—by the greedy squeals. All the great lobbies in action against price control and subsidies—oil, meat, citrus, milk—have been fattened by the war, but each feels a sense of grievance because his neighbor at the trough seems to be getting more swill.

With the exception of some low-paid workers—the canners and food processors in the so-called farm bloc are among the worst offenders—and a stratum of white-collar workers with fixed incomes, there is not a class or a group in this country which has not benefited by the war, which is not eating better—yes, eating better—and living better than it did before. Anyone who spends a few days covering the present price-control fight comes away with the impression that we are the world's greatest nation of cry-babies. It is a paradox of which we should feel ashamed that the weakest spot today in the United Nations is not among the poor battered Chinese, or the bombed and blasted British, or the Russians, heroic and virile amid their country's devastation, but on the home front of our own country, the one that has suffered least and benefited most and occupies the softest spot in the greatest war of human history. This is no reflection on

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our good men at the front, but only upon the snivelers at home, where everybody wants the cost of living held down, but everybody also wants his own income pushed up. This mathematical miracle would be too much for an Einstein, certainly for a Roosevelt.

I believe that were the President vigorously to roll back prices, he might yet save the country and himself, but his ability to do so without Congressional approval is constitutionally dubious and would be politically possible only in an atmosphere of crisis. At the bottom of the situation is the general feeling that the Russians will soon defeat Hitler, and then help us take care of the Japs. If this is correct, a general loosening of the line on wages and prices, the easiest course for the Administration and the one it will probably adopt, may do little harm. But if the Germans extricate enough of their men from the Russian front to put up a real fight in Western Europe, and the war lasts until the winter of 1944-45, the inflationary spiral will get out of control and the war may be lost on the home front. An inflation, at the very least, would lay the foundations for terrible economic maladjustments after the war and a strong fascist movement based on an impoverished middle class.

Never before has our democratic system seemed so clearly a wrangle of pressure groups rather than a voicing of the general will on the general welfare. Never before was it so necessary for the leaders of each group to forget the coming elections—political and trade union—and tell a few unpleasant economic truths to their own people. Our task is to do so on the labor front, where the cowardly surrender to Lewis has penalized the bulk of labor leadership, which better than any other group has helped hold the line. What needs to be said to labor, as steel prepares to follow coal, automobiles to follow steel, is that three or four billions more in the pay envelopes of our workers will be worse than meaningless, since (1) there just aren't the goods to buy with it, and (2) it will only help push up other prices. Ultimately none will suffer more than labor if wages and prices begin chasing themselves around and up the inflationary Maypole. I know the main offender is the farm bloc and its processor allies. I know huge profits are being made in war industry. I know the Administration has been unable to keep its pledges regarding prices. I still say that a general rise in wages except for low-paid and fixed-pay workers is an illusion. It is unfortunate but it is true that the only course open to labor is to put up a fight to hold the cost-of-living line. Better to wage a slowly losing battle on that front than to kid ourselves into disaster.

Pressure on our limited space has made it necessary to hold over the fourth instalment of Vernon Bartlett's Diary of the Future. It will appear in next week's Nation.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

NO ELECTION in the country was ever attended by so much fraud as the one we have just gone through. In this state, of course, the natural home of chicane and boundless rascality, the fattening-place of the corruptest of all American politicians, every variety of cheating has been practiced. . . . In Brooklyn, in open defiance of law, the officials whose duty it was to count the vote deliberately announced their intention of performing their functions in secret with closed doors. This in order to make the majority as large as might be needed.—*November 5, 1868.*

THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURE of the *Riverside Magazine* for November is not the opening fable by Hans Christian Andersen. . . . The first place is rather to be assigned to the "Negro fables," . . . which are a positive contribution to the literature, if it may be so called, of the American Africans. They were taken down as they are reproduced, verbatim, from the lips of slaves or freedmen. . . . So far as we know, the Rabbit is the Reynard of all. . . . —*November 5, 1868.*

THE EFFECT OF THE ELECTIONS, so far as we can yet judge, seems to have been everywhere tranquilizing. A very large proportion of the Democratic Party is undoubtedly well pleased with the result, and is trying . . . to make out that Grant is a Democrat. . . . From the South there is little news, and that little is mainly good news. The result of the election has apparently had the sobering and soothing effect that was hoped. . . . We have heard of no assassination or rioting since a week ago Tuesday.—*November 12, 1868.*

THE READERS of *The Nation,* who are interested in all good things, will perhaps like to hear a word of Mr. Emerson's new course of lectures now going on in Boston. . . . We know perfectly well what we are to hear from Mr. Emerson, and yet what he says always penetrates and stirs us, as is apt to be the case with genius, in a very unlooked-for fashion.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *November 12, 1868.*

"SMOKING AND DRINKING," by James Parton. . . . The three articles before us—Does It Pay to Smoke? Will the Coming Man Drink Wine? and Inebriate Asylums—belong in the front rank of things readable.—*November 12, 1868.*

GENERAL GRANT . . . has ordered all applications for office to be burned without being shown to him.—*November 19, 1868.*

THE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY . . . is a striking example of the evils resulting from a large bonded debt upon any railroad property. . . . The sudden appearance . . . of the newly issued certificates led to an official inquiry on the part of the New York Stock Exchange, which was met on the part of the president of the company by a brazen-faced acknowledgment of the entire fraudulent issue, accompanied by a disguised threat that still further fraudulent issues were in preparation.—*November 26, 1868.*

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Spain's Mounting Crisis

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

SPAIN is once more in the spotlight of international events, and will remain there until the crisis which has overtaken the Franco regime has been resolved once and for all. Until the beginning of this year it was generally supposed that Franco would fall immediately after the collapse of Hitler's New Order. Today many people in a position to know believe that he may fall before that. A shrewd and important American business man in Spain made the guess that Franco would not last another six months. That was in September.

Franco's regime began to crumble with the first serious Axis defeats. It received its initial shock when American troops landed in North Africa and the Nazi theory of the impregnability of Fortress Europe was proved false. The second great shock was the Battle of Stalingrad, when the Nazi theory of the invincibility of the German *Wehrmacht* was shattered. Then followed a succession of Axis defeats: one month the failure of the Axis submarine war; the next month the irreparable weakening of the Luftwaffe; in the summer the fall of Mussolini, the hardest blow for Franco from the political point of view; in the autumn the collapse of the German eastern front. The current history of Spain is the history of German military reverses, and the process which is sealing the doom of the Axis is preparing the same fate for Franco.

It was inevitable that a dictator who had been put into power by Hitler and Mussolini should suffer the consequences of their defeats. But the crisis might not have developed so rapidly had Franco succeeded in creating an efficient governmental machine. He has created nothing—nothing but the gallows and an espionage system to serve the interests of Hitler in Spain. He has not even built up a strong fascist party to discipline political thought should a day of reckoning come.

The Phalanx, under the control of veteran agents of the Gestapo, is useful in the Western Hemisphere. Inside Spain it is weak. Corruption and lack of a clear ideology have made it a mere tool of terrorism; it has not known how to use the power it could have enjoyed as the only political party in Spain. The Phalanx is breaking. Thousands and thousands of people within its ranks are on our side; they are waiting for their chance to give it the final *coup de grâce.*

Even more serious than the Franquist inability to establish a national political machine has been the failure of the government to organize the economic life of the country. No one will deny that in 1939 production was gravely affected by three years of warfare. Nevertheless, between 1939 and 1943 there was ample time for Spain, benefiting like Portugal from its formal neutrality, to repair at least in part the ravages which the war had wrought. But the critical food situation could hardly have been alleviated by the methods which were applied to it. Every American who has passed through Spain since the fall of France has described the appalling spectacle of a restaurant menu offering a magnificent dinner for 150 pesetas ($14) while in the streets children fought over a crust of bread thrown to a dog. While olive oil, one of Spain's basic sources of nutrition, filled the cellars of one province, a hundred miles away people could not obtain an ounce. Inefficiency beyond description, immorality, *estraperlo* (the classic Spanish word for racketeering) have turned against Franco a great section of the middle class, which supported him during the war.

The same lack of capacity has been evident in the conduct of foreign affairs. Franco's servitude to the Axis has prevented him from exercising the initiative and aggressiveness usual in a young totalitarian state. Glorious dreams of empire cannot be brought to fruition by a little puppet regime. Except for the sudden seizure of Tangier—the British could have ejected Franco long ago if they had wanted to—not one of the "imperial" claims of the Blue Empire has ever been implemented. Even the great crusade for Gibraltar dwindled to a noisy Phalangist demonstration in Madrid on the day that Franco's great admirer, Sir Samuel Hoare, presented his credentials to the Spanish government.

In South America Franco's foreign policy has proved all but catastrophic. By siding first with Castillo, then with Ramirez, he has earned the unanimous dislike of the South American people, beginning with the populace of Argentina. Franco's foreign policy has finally been reduced to such acts as the infamous message of congratulation sent to the Philippine Quisling Laurel and the humiliating, confused, stupid note of explanation, describing this message to an enemy of the United Nations as "an act of courtesy."

While Franco rapidly loses ground inside Spain and sees the impending defeat of his only strong ally in Europe, Nazi Germany, a new injection of hope comes from an unexpected source. The most insolent "neutral" in Europe sees himself permitted to behave toward the victorious coalition in a manner which would not be tolerated from anyone else.

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We shall not record here the list of Franco's insults and hostile acts. It could never be complete. Even while this article goes to press a new impertinence may be reported from Madrid. A day or two before the publication of the ludicrous note about the message to Laurel, the United Press described a letter which Franco had sent his men in the Blue Division "advising" them to join the German army. Naturally the Spanish embassy in Washington denied the story. It has become accepted practice in Spain for the government, the radio, and the press to act and speak against the Allies, while at the same time the ambassador in Washington issues denials even of information which has passed the official censorship in Madrid—a most unworthy game for the great powers that tolerate it.

Since the situation in the Mediterranean no longer offer an ostensible excuse for the toleration of Franco by the United Nations, he must have the conviction that he has been chosen as the instrument of a subtle Allied political scheme. He may be correct in that assumption. At the moment his doom was certain, at the very moment of reckoning, Franco was favored by a maneuver of diversion contrived chiefly in London. Between the hard-pressed dictator and his enemy, the Spanish people, the heirs to the Non-Intervention Committee interposed the silhouette of Don Juan.

It is true that Franco has shown a growing disinclination to see the monarchy restored. His reactions to the plan have been contradictory and confused. They correspond to the increasing weakness of his position. Just as he congratulates Laurel one day and another day pretends to apologize to the State Department, so he opposes the monarchy on Monday and on Friday sees as the best possible way out of his difficulties the restoration of Don Juan, with himself as a new Primo de Rivera.

On the whole he has benefited by these monarchist intrigues. He must see in them a stubborn determination to prevent the full victory of the Spanish people. He can easily deduce that there are men in London and Washington who dislike the thought that such "premature" anti-fascists as the Spanish Republicans may govern Spain during the political reshaping of Europe.

The idea of restoration is pure insanity. Except for a small group of the old nobility, the big landowners, who hated the agrarian reforms of the Republic, and the Catholic hierarchy, the monarchy has no popular support.

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Two years ago it might have been different. When the road to an Allied victory was still long, the hunger great, and the repression equal to Himmler's, there may have been people in Spain who would have welcomed a regime which would have granted an amnesty and distributed a little bread. Today, with victory certain, people everywhere are turning against the concept of monarchy—in Italy, in Yugoslavia, in Greece. To imagine that there is any possibility of reestablishing the Bourbon throne in Spain is, at best, naive. Naive, but most dangerous. In opening the Third Congress of the Free World Association, I declared that any move to establish the monarchy in Spain would lead to civil war. I repeat that warning here.

Division among Republicans, especially those in exile, is often used as a pretext for this reactionary maneuver. To impute such importance to those differences is to be ignorant of the political tradition of Spain. Division among Republicans has always existed. It was abundant in 1931, but it did not prevent the Republicans from ousting the King and bringing the Republic into being. Division was still greater in July, 1936, on the eve of the Franco revolt, but it did not prevent the Republicans from putting up a magnificent fight against fascism. Divisions which may exist now did not prevent Spanish Republican leaders, of all parties, from denying with one voice the other day the absurd assertion—made in *Español,* a Phalangist paper in Madrid—that some of them were plotting to bring back the King.

This time there is no way to divert the popular will. Allied diplomacy, after having missed so many opportunities to learn by experience, might at least learn now from the recent example of Giraud. It must accept the fact that there is only one solution for Spain—the reestablishment of the Spanish Republican constitutional legality.

I think that Americans who sympathize with the cause of the Spanish people should be told specifically what we mean by reestablishing Spain's constitutional legality. Acceptance of this thesis implies, first, recognition that the constitution of December 8, 1931, remains in force, and, second, acknowledgment of and respect for the legitimacy of the three political institutions on which the constitutional structure of the Republic is based. These three institutions are the Presidency, the Cortes (Parliament), and the Government. Recognition of the fact that these constitutional entities are legitimate and that they must remain in force would firmly establish what might be termed "democratic legitimism" as the keystone of Republican policy in exile.

Since the end of the Spanish War a controversy has been carried on between those persons who base their political attitude on a belief in the continued validity of the Cortes and those who maintain that the only legal institution still remaining in force is the Government which at the last meeting of the Cortes, held at Figueras just before the overthrow of the Republic, received a unanimous vote of confidence. The second point of view has recently been elaborated in a study made by one of Spain's leading jurists, Señor Pablo de Azcárate, who for many years was joint secretary general of the League of Nations and after the outbreak of the Spanish War served as the Republican ambassador in London.

In regard to the Presidency, it will be recalled that the exiled Republic has been unhappily deprived of its President, who personified the nation as a whole. Don Manuel Azaña, who was elected President in May, 1936, relinquished his high office in Paris in February, 1939. The president of the Cortes, Señor Martínez Barrio, who was obliged under the constitution to deputize as President until a new presidential election could be held, declined to take over the responsibilities of the post left vacant by Señor Azaña's resignation.

So much for the Presidency. In regard to the Cortes, in order to decide whether it is still to be considered valid, one must refer to Article 53 of the constitution. That article establishes four years as the duration of the parliamentary mandate; thus the term of the deputies elected in February, 1936, expired automatically in February, 1940. But that by itself would not resolve the question, since Article 59 of the constitution could be quoted in support of the opposite view. By virtue of this article, the dissolved Cortes shall meet again, automatically regaining its authority as a legitimate power of state, unless elections for a fresh Cortes have been held within the constitutional period—which was not the case as regards the Parliament elected in February, 1936. And if it is granted that the Republican constitutional regime was not legally abolished, but only suspended by an act of military rebellion, it is possible to argue that all parliamentary mandates must be considered in suspension from the moment that the Republican institutions ceased to function on national territory.

Now about the Government: in determining its legitimacy it is essential to take into account the terms of Article 75 of the constitution, which provides that "the President of the Republic shall appoint and be free to dismiss the Prime Minister and, on proposal of the latter, other ministers." The basic principle of parliamentary rule, which assumes that the Government must also enjoy the confidence of the Parliament, is incorporated in the same article. The last paragraph stipulates that the President of the Republic must necessarily dismiss the ministers "in the event of the Cortes explicitly withdrawing their confidence."

In the light of these provisions and with the Presidency of the Republic vacant, the Government, although it has no one to whom it can formally present its resignation, would consider its powers legitimately revoked

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as soon as it had received from the Cortes a vote of censure adopted in accordance with the terms of Article 64 of the constitution. Conversely, it must be recognized that so long as this vote of censure is not adopted, the government which was in power when in March, 1939, Republican institutions ceased to function on national territory has not only the right to be recognized by all Spaniards as the one legitimate and constitutional government of Spain but also the strict and imperious obligation of claiming and defending such a right at all times and in all circumstances. Article 64, which concerned itself with votes of censure against the government, stipulates first that these shall be proposed in writing and signed by fifty deputies, that they shall be communicated to all deputies, and that they shall not be discussed or voted on until at least five days after their presentation. It adds the following significant sentence: "Neither the government nor the ministers shall feel forced to resign unless a vote of censure is approved by an absolute majority of deputies of the chamber." The dispersion of the membership of the Cortes in many lands obviously renders impossible any action by that body in conformity with this provision of the constitution.

The great logical and political force of the thesis of the restoration of constitutional legality lies in the democratic purity of its origin. The attitude of Spanish Republicans will be all the stronger as regards both themselves and others if they attempt no more than the reestablishment, without distinctions, additions, or suppressions, of the constitutional organisms which were functioning in Spain when the Republic ceased to exist on Spanish soil. If unfortunate circumstances have made it materially impossible to reestablish some of these, there is no excuse for not restoring the rest. To make changes, to lay down exceptions, to recognize this and refuse to recognize the other, would endanger the cause of liberty and the independence of Spain.

Spanish Republicans must learn to restrain their impatience, not only the impatience caused by partisan passions, but that inspired by high and noble motives. The time will come when they can revise everything that needs revision; but this will not be until the Spanish people have recovered their liberty and are once again in possession of those means of expressing their will with which they were endowed by the Republican constitution. For it is this will and no other which must determine political institutions and the future destiny of the Spanish nation.

It is therefore not necessary to improvise solutions for Spain. The Spanish Republican government is a reality. It is a government with a much more solid constitutional basis than some other governments which have been recognized by the United Nations. The government's task is precise: to see the Spanish Republic reestablished, to return to Spain and render the Spanish people an accounting of the last phase of the war and of its own activities in exile, and to call for elections. These elections will give the people the right to choose a President of the Republic and to elect a Cortes and the future government of Spain.

Charleston Contra Mundum

BY ENID EWING

DOWN in the Carolina lowlands, unknown to the rest of the nation save a few army and navy officers and a handful of housing administrators in Washington, a war is being waged on home soil. Like its worldwide contemporary, this bitter little war is one of attrition and of nerves, and it is being fought to preserve a way of life. The battleground is historic Charleston. The combatants are some 35,000 land-proud, tradition-bound Charlestonians and an invading host of migrant laborers, service men, and their families.

The invaders, 100,000 strong and still coming, have been pouring in for the past two and a half years, the majority of them lured by the well-paid jobs to be obtained in the Charleston Navy Yard and the Charleston Shipbuilding and Drydock Company. War-time pay rolls in the shipyards approximating $100,000,000 a year have increased department-store sales 56 per cent, so that Charleston stores recently led the nation in percentage increase in trade. The transportation of war workers has become a nightmare; the 6,000,000 paying passengers carried on Charleston buses in 1940 have become more than 25,000,000 this year.

Are the Charlestonians merrily riding this tide of expansion? They are not! Fighting the weight of numbers, they have managed so far to harry their foe with a passive resistance that would delight the All-India Congress. Their weapons are exorbitant rents charged for bad and inadequate housing, hotel-dining-room prices for hash-house meals, and complete lack of recreational facilities, except for a few theaters with fuzzy acoustics.

Hoisting Yankee dollars on an ancient pulley line to

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his cashier, a Charleston dry-goods merchant, front-row Kiwanian, and member of the oldest chamber of commerce in the nation warned me, "Don't imagine these new people will stay here. It would be foolish for merchants to expand to meet this temporary need, even if they could. Why turn the town upside down for a lot of migrants who will go back to Arkansas and Texas when they can't make the wages they're making now? What's more, money's in the wrong hands today. These people don't know how to spend it, and we'll probably have to fill their gas tanks when it's all over to get them out of town. [More than 90 per cent of the workmen at the Charleston Navy Yard are investing more than 10 per cent of their pay in war bonds.] Hell, these laborers don't even pay local taxes."

Another merchant growled that his business had grown so that he had been obliged to instal a cash register and none of his employees knew how to use it!

Newcomers chuckle over a hoary quip likening Charlestonians to the Chinese: they live on rice and worship their ancestors. There is another point of resemblance: Charlestonians have repeatedly thwarted their would-be conquerors. Since their arrival from Barbados in 1670 they have battled the Indians, the French, the Spanish, and the Yankees to preserve the attitudes of a landed aristocracy. They have, to their way of thinking, survived two Yankee invasions—Sherman's soldiers and the millionaires of the twenties in search of picturesque estates. They are now combating a third.

"You won't like Charleston," the bus driver said to me. "Even Southerners don't like it."

"Why not?"

"Because Charlestonians don't take kindly to foreigners."

"Foreigner? I'm from New York!"

"Sure, but you're a foreigner to Charlestonians." He chuckled softly. "They say if the South had been successful in seceding from the Union, South Carolina would have seceded from the South, Charleston would have seceded from South Carolina, and South of Broad would have seceded from Charleston."

"South of Broad?"

"Yep. You'll hear a lot about that in Charleston. Most of the people that live south of Broad Street, along the Cooper River, are descendants of the old plantation owners who raised rice and cotton in the back country until they lost slave labor. They still own Charleston. Matter of fact, they *are* Charleston."

With this warning I arrived at the last outpost of feudalism in America—part of the third Yankee invasion. As a war wife I joined an army of women searching for almost non-existent one-room-kitchen-and-bath apartments. The one sizable apartment house in town has a "no vacancy" sign set in concrete, and the only other possible quarters are rooms in private dwellings. A number of enterprising Charlestonians accept "guests" in the name of patriotism, but their rents, as one victim complained, are "damned unpatriotic." Many families of two or three persons continue to occupy the whole of ten- and twelve-room houses.

A friend in New York turned the trick that enabled my husband and me to enjoy the debatable distinction of living "south of Broad." This section is within the walls of the original city. The stones have long since crumbled, but the walls of thought built up through many generations are still impenetrable. Charlestonians ask only to be left alone. Any attempt to exchange ideas meets an eloquent silence. You are a welcome guest at the dinner table of a Charlestonian just so long as you partake heartily both of his food and of his thinking.

The essence of Charleston is found in its three "charitable" organizations—the South Carolina Society, the St. Andrew's Society, and the St. Cecilia Society. Membership is hereditary and male. The St. Cecilia, the first social club in North America, is the most exclusive, divorced men and actors being barred. Twice a year its members, their wives, and their unmarried daughters attend the St. Cecilia Ball. Rich Northerners may have bought the beautiful wrought-iron gates and balconies of venerable Charleston homes, but they have never been able to buy an invitation to the St. Cecilia Ball. The press is not admitted. An intrepid girl reporter who once managed to crash the gate described it as a drunken brawl.

When Rear Admiral William Glassford, since detached, became commandant of the Sixth Naval District and of the Charleston Navy Yard, Charlestonians had someone to reckon with. For the salt-water admiral took one look at the housing predicament and general discontent and began to do something about it. He discovered that the men on whom the navy depends for a fair proportion of its destroyers and sea-going tugs were living, except for a few in government-financed housing projects, in trailers and abandoned PWA huts or in dismal rooming-houses, many sleeping by shifts in "hot" beds shared with fellow-workers. Hundreds were living—and still are—in inland towns from fifty to seventy-five miles from the Navy Yard, commuting in privately owned buses. Navy Yard officials estimated that the Charleston housing shortage was costing the nation one destroyer a month, and until recently both army and navy men believed that the war effort in this section could be stepped up 100 per cent with sufficient housing, more cooperation from Charlestonians, and better recreational facilities.

Cooperation? This past summer, with an estimated 2,000 new residents arriving monthly, many a Charles-

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tonian pulled the shades of his three-story house, covered the furniture, and hied himself to cooler climes.

The first inkling of the Charlestonians that peace-time rights were one thing, war-time needs another, came when the United States Housing Administration opened a rent-control office in Charleston and clapped ceilings on rents. The housing authorities could not abolish the practice of charging from $50 to $90 a month for single rooms, but they could keep landlords from boosting the rent with each new tenant. That they meant to get even tougher became apparent when they had a house-to-house survey made to determine existing housing facilities. This so-called infringement of personal rights brought screams of protest. John B. Blandford, national housing administrator, did nothing to cushion the blow when he said the government would offer to lease homes and buildings for use by civilian war workers, but if this did not "yield a sufficient amount of necessary housing in time," the NHA would "be forced to recommend the compulsory use of available private facilities through billeting, commandeering, requisitioning, and similar devices."

To date it has not been necessary to commandeer or requisition private facilities. Sweating housing authorities, for the army, the navy, and the Housing Administration, have obtained incredible results in the past year, after disentangling themselves from the red tape that thwarted earlier efforts. More than 4,000 federal-financed housing units have been completed for civilian workers, and 1,950 more are being built for workers yet to come. But army and navy personnel, not billeted, is still at the mercy of Charlestonians.

All this does not impress Charleston. Despite the changes forced upon the city, despite federal spending, despite the admonitions of fuming Washington "bureaucrats" to fall in line, Charleston still flaunts the recalcitrant, imperturbable air it has worn since it was founded. It intends—come fire, flood, or conquest—to preserve the way of life that has always obtained "south of Broad" and to remain Charleston *contra mundum*.

Britain Between the Acts

IV. THE MOOD OF THE LEFT

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AS I have suggested in earlier articles of this series, the British worker is today a man of inner conflicts. He is loyal, determined, hard-working, tired, anxious about his future, uneasy about the peace, cynical, and devoted. If you think that is too many things to be at once, look into your own heart. His state mirrors in sharper outline the state of the country as a whole, and there would be no point in singling out the worker for special attention if I did not believe that the future of Britain lies in his hands.

I believe that. And I consider the slow but evident stirring of doubt in the minds of the common people in Britain a sign of health. The time has passed for the surrender of mind and body, the tension, the closing of ranks that carried the country through the terrible year after Dunkirk. The time for dispersion, for sharp political cleavage and militant opposition has not yet come. Today—with the shape of the peace emerging while the war is still being fought, with the problems of the future forcing their way across the needs of the present—today is a time when normal men and women inwardly begin their own post-war planning, their process of reconversion. Consciously and unconsciously they are preparing to meet the demands of a world at peace that will be far less simple and certain and organized—even less satisfying in many ways—than the world of war.

Today they are looking for some assurance that what lies the other side of the struggle will be profoundly different from what led into it. They are looking for a faith. They are looking for leaders. All they see now is uncertainty. The medley of reports and programs so far ground out by individuals and private or public agencies is no source of satisfaction. You do not endure weariness and great effort, you do not fight and watch your comrades die, in order to achieve a program. The peace-time substitute for blood and sweat and tears must be comparably moving. It must fulfil the hopes men fear to put into words.

Englishmen are notoriously bad at putting high hopes into words. All they will tell you is that they want jobs after the war; that they want security in case jobs fail, and no more dole. They want the people who run the country to see to those things, whatever it may mean. But under this prosaic, rather inglorious demand is a realization, dim in some minds but clear and exact in others, that it will take a new organization of society to provide men with those basic necessities which they have come to regard as rights. Jobs and security, and the other aspects of civilized living that are within reach when those have been won, are understood by most Britons to call for a revolutionary change from all that existed in the inter-war. The Britain of Chamberlain and Baldwin

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—and of Ramsay MacDonald, too—failed to provide the vision necessary to satisfy even the most primitive needs of an advanced and industrious people. Those men and their backers failed as the ruling groups in America and on the Continent also failed. Where the social structure was less stable than in Britain, that failure brought fascism; to the whole world it brought war.

Will the dismal process be repeated again? Will there be new Chamberlains and Baldwins, concerned with the preservation of the old England and the old Empire—which means a system already bankrupt and class privileges no longer supported by vigor and stability? Will there be new MacDonalds, warily avoiding the responsibility of power? Will there be a new collapse of courage and the capacity to plan and execute, so that Britain will again stumble from boom to slump, forewarned but helpless?

Those questions lie behind the uneasy, skeptical, wary mood of the ordinary men and women of Britain. Mr. Churchill is right to warn the people against premature optimism and a relaxation of effort, to remind them that months of bloody fighting lie ahead. But when he demands the same sense of "urgency and crisis," the same unity, that controlled the minds of men during the time when the nation's existence hung in precarious balance, he asks the impossible. The people will work and fight. But they will still ask questions. And this Mr. Churchill knows, too, for in the very speech from which those words were taken he asserted that it was "a definite part of the duty and responsibility of this National Government" to "set about a vast and practical scheme to make sure that in the years immediately following the war there will be food, work, and homes for all."

That is a good promise, but I believe it will be received with reserve by a large part of the British people. Very few with whom I talked expect vast and practical post-war schemes from the present coalition government.

Who can provide them? What men, what parties? What political alignment will emerge from the war to convert the old economy to new conditions and new demands? As I have said before, many intelligent persons expect little change either in control or program. They believe the present ruling groups will again exhibit that zero-hour flexibility which has saved so many critical situations in Britain's history. The big-business forces have already recognized, far more clearly than the same elements in this country have done, the need for government control. They are ready to accept the state as a partner in order to save themselves from liquidation. The end of laissez faire is proclaimed by most of its old devotees—even among the strongest private interests. The new setup will be the existing one, with many of the controls established during the war perpetuated in the peace to make possible a planned, or partly planned, economy. Official labor will be encouraged to share, as it now shares, the responsibility for running the show. Business will make profits; the workers will keep their jobs; reforms will be put through—more social security, more housing, better schools—and the power relationships will remain essentially unchanged. The persons who elaborate this picture of post-war Britain believe it will work, at least for a time. They see it as a successful, polite form of semi-fascism, which will prove acceptable to the key people in each group. They have absolutely no faith in the will of the workers to demand more, or in the intention of their leaders to cut loose and organize a fight for power.

I give this view only to disagree with it. I believe the attempt to create such a system will be made; that the first post-war election may result in a new coalition to meet the immediate problems of demobilization and reconstruction and industrial conversion. But I do not believe the Labor Party or the trade-union movement will accept permanently the role of junior partner in a national government. I talked with a lot of labor men in and out of office; with Morrison and Bevin and Cripps, with Laski and Aneurin Bevan and George R. Strauss, with leaders in various constituencies. I discussed plans and programs with people outside the party leadership such as Wintringham and Mackay of Common Wealth, Warbey of the Socialist Clarity Group, and many others. I spent an hour with Harry Pollitt, leader of the Communist Party.

Among them, as you can see, are bitter critics of the Labor Party. Some oppose the truce, believing Labor should have remained in opposition during the war, free either to back or to fight government measures. Some believe that the predominantly trade-union control of the party is a fatal obstacle in the way of its winning majority support in the country. Some think the leadership in the party and the trade unions has become too inflexible and bureaucratic, too jealous of its present small area of control, to undertake the hazards of a genuine fight for power and social change. All of them agree that Labor's voluntary surrender of independent action during the war had brought about a dangerous, if temporary, loss of contact between rank and file and leaders. But only one or two of the men actively engaged in political action on the left consider the situation beyond repair. Labor may go into the first post-war election without adequate time for rebuilding its machinery and putting forward a platform. That handicap, the majority believe, is a temporary one. By the second election Labor will be prepared to fight.

My own view is more hopeful than this narrow concensus of left opinion. I could see everywhere the ill effects of the political truce. The whole left movement has suffered greatly in the interests of unity. The sacrifice was necessary, but it should not be minimized. It

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accounts for much of the suspicion and worry that afflict the rank and file. I recognize, too, the need for modification in the structure and control of the Labor Party to give it a broader popular appeal; and I think such modification will be hard to bring about. Nor have I any faith that minor groups can challenge successfully the dominance of the party; the chief value of the Common Wealth, for example, is its effect as an irritant. And, at least in the near future, even the Communists will serve chiefly as a goad.

The hope of change in British political life lies in the Labor Party. And the hope of a more militant, effective Labor Party lies in the revolutionary situation that lurks beyond the horizon of the war.

I am certain that many Labor men who today loyally accept and apologize for the decisions of the National Government are prepared to lead their party in a bid for power tomorrow. No one who has met Herbert Morrison and heard or even read his speeches can doubt that he intends to be Prime Minister in a Labor government. He will not consent to serve in a long-drawn-out coalition. Nor will Bevin. Nor will the best of the other Labor functionaries. They want more than office; they want power. And unlike Ramsay MacDonald they are not afraid of the implications of power.

Whether they realize how profound must be the changes a Labor government would be called upon to put into effect, I don't know. Most of them are "practical" men, inclined to act on a rather narrow pragmatic basis. But ahead lies a challenge that will be hard to ignore. Both men and political machines will adapt themselves to the demands of the post-war world or be replaced by others.

If this sounds vague and threatening, I will try to be more exact, though no one but Vernon Bartlett would dare pin the future down to a succession of concrete events! Those people who like to look upon revolution as an unhappy by-product of war have reversed the facts. This vast catastrophe of war is, instead, an incident of a much greater revolution. The growth of fascist power which preceded it was another incident of the same revolution. The next phase can develop on a wide scale only when fascist power has been exterminated; though it is already beginning to appear here and there on every continent. The next phase is the rebuilding of the social and economic structure. That this can be accomplished through the agency of those groups that held power before the war, and still hold the balance of power, I do not believe. The job of rebuilding calls for a genuine shift of power. One might wish that stronger men and a more militant party stood ready to take command in Britain. But the British left at least has the machinery of power in its hands. It has achieved a high degree of political maturity. It has some good leaders with experience in the mechanics of government. Both men and organizations are so far ahead of anything this country has yet produced that an American observer is inclined to optimism. British Socialists and independent progressives can control the political destiny of their country as soon as they decide to do so. And events are conspiring to sweep away the hesitations and compromises which proved disastrous in the years before 1939.

In the Wind

A COLUMN BY JOSEPH KAUFMAN, the Weekly Round Table, appeared until recently every Sunday in the Lynn, Massachusetts, *Telegram-News*. It consisted of imaginary conversations on politics by characters with such names as Mr. New Dealer, Mr. Conservative, Mr. Liberal, and Mr. Isolationist. The local Knights of Columbus didn't like the column. They said it contained statements too favorable to Russia. They sent a delegation to see the editor of the paper. The column no longer appears.

DR. THOMAS B. MOORE, prior of St. Augustine's Benedictine Monastery in Washington and a practicing psychiatrist, was the government's final witness in the Post Office obscenity hearings on *Esquire*. According to the Washington *Star*, Father Moore testified that he had never heard of the following contributors to the magazine: Sholem Asch, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, Maurice Maeterlinck, André Maurois, Thomas Wolfe, and John Steinbeck. He said he had heard of Thomas Mann but didn't know who he was.

ROY ACUFF, hillbilly fiddler star of the radio program known as Grand Ole Opry, has entered the race for nomination as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Tennessee.

FROM THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a Southern Medical Society meeting in Cincinnati: "White physicians who are members of their county and state medical societies will receive a most cordial welcome at Cincinnati. Calling All Doctors!"

BEN GREER, who reads comic strips aloud on Station KSAL, Salina, Kansas, has added something new. Sunday morning listeners can now hear some of the strips dramatized by high-school students.

FESTUNG EUROPA: Dutch children are now forbidden to fly kites. Parents whose children violate the new law are subject to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 300 guilders (about $160).

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Japan's Gloomy Home Front

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

DURING the last few months unmistakable signs of internal strain have appeared repeatedly in Japanese home and empire broadcasts. This is not to say that the morale of the Japanese people is about to crack or that the Japanese economy is collapsing. Our victories so far have been minor; our forces are still too many thousands of miles away from Japan proper to offer any real hope of a military victory before a year or two years of hard fighting. And the heavy industries of Japan's inner fortress are still virtually untouched by the war. Nevertheless, Japan's leaders evidently realize that their chances of ultimate victory over the United Nations are rapidly fading away. And their utterances, together with the defensive military strategy they are pursuing, must have produced the beginnings of disillusionment among the people.

The first important sign of internal dissension occurred last June, just after the fall of Attu. At that time, according to Federal Communications Commission analyses made available by the Office of War Information, Bin Akao of the Japanese Diet was dismissed from the Imperial Rule Assistance Political Society, which runs the Diet, for making a speech critical of the regime. Three Diet members followed him out. One of them was Seigo Nakano, head of the fascist Tohokai and a strong exponent of Japanese imperialism in Southeast Asia, who committed hara-kiri on October 27.

At about the same time the head of the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan, Hiroshi Shimomura, made this startling comment: "Not only in our nation but throughout the world, I think, many are complaining now that the war is too greatly prolonged and that our living conditions are exposed to menace, inconvenience, difficulties; they say that we have had enough of war and that the war should be stopped."

In September, when Premier Tojo announced his latest program for "total war mobilization," *Mainishi*, one of Japan's leading newspapers, said openly, despite the rigid press censorship, that the people of Japan were tired of hearing about national danger, and that their enthusiasm for "continuously repeated speeches by leading men has become dulled." Public opinion, it said, "frankly criticizes the government because the crisis was predicted long ago and yet no action was taken."

Since the Diet met in October to give its rubber-stamp approval to the government's fourteen key bills, Tojo has not only continued as Premier and Minister of War but has also been Minister of Munitions. His new post gives him theoretically the power of life and death over all Japanese industry—a power the military has always coveted but had not before acquired, even under the National Mobilization Law of 1938.

All previous legal restraints are canceled by the new munitions law. The government may take over war plants, change their articles of incorporation, order them to cooperate or merge with other companies, dissolve them, and seize their funds. Each company must select one man who will be responsible to the government for war production, or the government may name this man if it chooses. This key figure may conscript workers, and his word is law. Any member of his staff who fails to follow his orders is subject to penal measures. The one apparent weakness in the law is that some of the control associations which gave private business a powerful voice in setting up industry-wide monopolies will continue in existence.

Other measures approved by the Diet provide for the decentralization of war industry as a precaution against bombing raids, for the drafting of students and even Diet members, and for the scrapping of old-age retirement provisions as a means of obtaining man-power.

At the same time industry is told to "lift the morale of industrial workers." To this end arrangements very much like the War Production Board's labor-management committees are being encouraged. On October 25 a domestic commentator referred to "a strained condition in meeting the demands of the state," and to grumbling in the factories over bottlenecks in supplies and transportation. He praised a worker who had made a valuable suggestion for cutting the amount of wire needed in a given operation and advocated that all male employees form voluntary groups to work for industrial efficiency. (This must be very disconcerting to the Japanese worker, who has been trained all his life to be unimaginative and obedient, rather than original in his ideas.) The same speaker exhorted Japanese girls—presumably those of the middle and upper classes, since most of the others are already working—to go into the war plants. "The girls of enemy America make up a third of the employees of the Douglas Aircraft Company," he said. "When you hear that the hateful Flying Fortresses are made by these girls, can you women of Japan remain idle?"

Japan's war production depends mainly on its ship-

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ping and aircraft industries, and there is plenty of evidence that they are doing poorly. Last month a domestic broadcast reported that war production had been slowed by absenteeism caused by the bad weather in the first part of the year but that it had since recovered. Most industries, it said, had exceeded their quotas, but the production of steel, iron ore, and chrome was behind schedule. To step up iron production, old veins are to be reopened in Japan proper, and small furnaces are to be set up on the spot to save transportation. Production of industrial machinery also fell short of the figure set—this may seriously affect the aircraft industry—and decentralization was advocated as a remedy.

In recent months Japan's leaders have frequently made guarded references to the possibility of defeat. "We shall be defeated if we are content only with our present extraordinary effort," Tojo told his Cabinet in September. "The gravity of the present situation does not permit even a moment's delay in coping with the greatest of crises." At the opening of the recent Diet session the Emperor himself said in his customary message that the war situation was "truly grave," and Tojo added that "the enemy is overcoming many difficulties and dangers and the war is growing in intensity." A domestic commentator has admitted that time can be Japan's enemy: "Unless the decisive war-time internal structure is renovated and strengthened, we shall not be able to nip the enemy's efforts in the bud." This reversal of the former propaganda line, which was based on the assumption of invincibility, may be intended, like Dr. Goebbels's similar about-face, to awaken the people to the desperate struggle; but it must also suggest to them that the war is going against the "Yamato race," and that worse things are to come.

The concept of an "inner zone" of defense was openly discussed for the first time at the recent Diet session. The importance of measures for "self-sufficiency" in Japan, Manchuria, and Korea was stressed, and it was stated that "all and any enemy advances in this area must be kept out." The Japanese have been told that they must not expect any help in the way of food or consumers' goods from the "southern regions," because all shipping must be used for transporting war goods. All staple foods except salt and sweet potatoes are rationed; sweet potatoes are being substituted for rice wherever possible.

The Emperor is being exploited more than ever before as a symbol to rally the people. He receives a constant stream of Japanese and puppet officials, sends congratulatory cables to Axis politicians, and issues rescripts more and more frequently. He grants money to bereaved families and honors to war heroes alive and dead. He performs ceremonial acts at Yasakuni, where the ashes of war heroes are enshrined, and his whole family worships there. Here is evidence of the bankruptcy of Japanese propaganda, for as the Emperor steps out of the clouds and becomes a mundane figure, he loses some of his effectiveness as a symbol of divinity.

Several of Japan's leading propaganda spokesmen have been removed recently because of their blunders. Lieutenant Colonel Iwasaki, information chief of the Japanese forces in China, lost his job in June. He had been sending home such glowing reports that the Japanese people believed the capture of Chungking was imminent. Captain Hideo Hiraide, a naval spokesman who has repeatedly "annihilated" the American navy, was fired a month later. In October Major General Yahangi, chief of the army press section, who had been predicting a "sweeping offensive operation" by Japan, was given another job.

These trends have implications for American political warfare that can hardly be overestimated. Our propaganda could not expect to be effective while the enemy was winning military victories, but with Japan on the defensive the United Nations should be able to carry on vigorous propaganda warfare. It is necessary, however, to reach the people of Japan by radio, and this can be done only when we have established powerful medium-wave transmitters in China or the outer Aleutians. Only a handful of government monitors in Japan and a few Japanese-army radios outside Japan are now able to hear our short-wave broadcasts. Not until we can broadcast to the four million Japanese who presumably still have medium-wave receivers—or until we can drop rice-paper leaflets on Japan's cities—shall we be able to lay the psychological groundwork for acceptance of defeat.

When that time comes we must recast our propaganda in three ways. First, the Emperor, now the symbol of militant nationalism, must no longer be spared political attack. We need not try to dethrone him; we should merely produce evidence that he is no deity by stressing the fact that he is a weak puppet of the war lords. We must leave it to the Japanese themselves to cast him out. This they will doubtless do if defeat is accompanied by social revolution, which seems likely. If we tried to do the job ourselves, we should be giving a dangerous hostage to fate by providing the jingoistic factions with a symbol of martyrdom to build on after the war.

Second, we must offer something positive to the Japanese. If they see nothing except annihilation ahead, they will fight to the end. But if we can reach them with the promise of a harsh but just peace, guaranteeing the national integrity of Japan proper once it has divested itself of totalitarianism, the prospect of defeat will be less terrible.

Finally, the United States, in concert with China and the other United Nations, must hold out to the peoples of the Far East the hope of membership in a world society of nations. Not until we do this can we wage effective political war upon Japan.

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

WHEN an editorial in a leading Berlin newspaper is headed "Is the Enemy Already in Germany?" one gets quite a shock. That title did in fact appear over an editorial in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of November 1. And in the next few days similar articles appeared in a number of papers in other cities. The enemy referred to was the twelve million foreign workers in the Reich. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* raised this question:

> Do the millions of foreign workers represent the famous Trojan horse? That antique monster must have taken on huge proportions if this supposition is correct. As the front line has demanded more and more men, an increasing number of foreign workers have replaced them. This development, in the worst of all wars, has created a problem which is as disturbing to the stability of the Reich as is the fighting on the battlefield.

A Rhineland newspaper expressed it more crudely. The German public, it said, was "obsessed by the nightmare of a so-called fifth column made up of foreign workers who would one day get out of hand."

Of course this anxiety about the role the foreign workers may play in the future must be allayed. The newspaper articles were written for that purpose. Phenomena which the people have seen with their own eyes cannot be passed over. So we hear something of "worries and problems which cannot be eliminated." The Berlin paper went on to say:

> Since it is no longer a matter of small, selected contingents of foreigners, the authorities cannot examine or test the political reliability of the different groups of workers. It is natural that along with many friendly workers there should also be many who are indifferent, and some who are hostile, to Germany. We must also reckon with those individuals who seize the opportunity offered by their work in Germany to commit sabotage or otherwise help the enemy.

The article continued that it would be "unreasonable" to expect "enthusiasm" from the foreigners, who share all the restrictions, needs, sorrows, and dangers of German workers. Housing conditions have seriously deteriorated as a result of the bombings. "Social standards" have been lowered. Besides, said the newspaper discreetly, the foreigners, "as well as German workers, see what is lacking" in the factories. Nevertheless, it assured its readers, there is no reason to view the foreign workers as a real, dangerous Trojan horse. Though "dissatisfaction undoubtedly exists" among them, there are "as yet" no signs that they "are developing into that mighty political or even military vanguard hoped for in London and Washington."

Now that the Moscow communiqués have directed attention to Austria, an article that appeared in a Budapest newspaper on October 10 may be of interest. Its appearance was in a way sensational since Hungary is an ally of Germany. Though newspapers there are under the same censorship as German papers, the *Pester Lloyd's* article, entitled "Vienna—Autumn, 1943," described, in scarcely veiled language—and with scarcely veiled partisanship—the pronounced enmity between the Viennese and the invaders from the north.

> The Viennese give the évacués from the north the collective name of *Bombinger*, and it cannot be said that the word expresses love or pity. Some évacués complain, unjustifiably, that the Viennese are unobliging or even unfriendly. But here as elsewhere the old adage is applicable: "As you shout into the woods, so the echo returns." Indeed, it is undeniable that the extremely *stramm* (aggressive) and even contemptuous behavior of the northerners often touches the Viennese in a sore spot. The interloper's conduct is apt to be especially offensive when he comes from a district with newer traditions. . . .
>
> The power of the Reich is relentlessly determined to take energetic measures in Vienna and to nip in the bud every individualistic move. This is sufficiently proved by the red posters announcing executions, now appearing in increasing numbers. The posters usually carry several names, some of which are often those of women.

It hardly needs to be said that the expressions "extremely aggressive" and "coming from districts with newer traditions" describe the Prussians. Furthermore it is certain that the censor in Budapest understood this and let the article go through notwithstanding.

All during the war Germany has practiced a kind of bluff—window dressing in the most literal sense. Shops have been compelled to keep their show windows decorated just as in peace. A foreigner going through the streets saw the windows full of everything anyone could want. But if he entered the shop to make a purchase, he learned that none of the articles were to be had.

Like so many other forms of bluff in Germany, this is to be kept up no longer. The shopowners themselves, according to the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter*, have rebelled. Using the slogan "No Illusions in Shop Windows!" the Professional Association of German Retail Traders has started a campaign against the practice. And their organ, *Der Einzelhandel*, informs us that they expect to accomplish their purpose. The Nazi authorities have allowed themselves to be convinced that "deceptive shop windows in war time may constitute a danger." "Public resentment may be aroused if the shops continue to display wanted goods which are not for sale"—especially if food shops display dummy articles and empty cans and bottles. A decree is impending forbidding what was previously commanded.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

MAX REINHARDT

BY JOSEPH CHAPIRO

THE death of Max Reinhardt marks the passing not only of a great *metteur en scène* but of an epoch without doubt the most brilliant in the history of the modern theater, which for half a century was filled with his name. It was the epoch inaugurated in Paris about 1890 by Antoine, continued and extended by Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theater, and brought to its culmination in Berlin by Max Reinhardt, who became—in Stanislavsky's words—its most glorious and complete expression.

Reinhardt was born September 9, 1873, in Baden, near Vienna. He never became a German citizen; yet since he spent almost forty years of his active life in Berlin it is no more than proper to regard him as a German artist. In effect it was he who revived the German classics and rescued them from the philologists who had kept them locked up in their dusty Germanic seminars like insects carefully fastened down with pins in laboratories. And it was he who made the German language sound from all the great stages of the world.

Yes, he was a German artist, but he recognized no frontiers. Just as he brought the German theater, both classic and modern, to foreign audiences, so he was indefatigable in introducing foreign authors into Germany. He restored the entire Shakespearean repertory, giving almost 3,000 performances in a quarter of a century. He modernized the Spanish classics, brought back the Commedia dell' Arte, and revived the French classics in German. During the retreat of the German army, eleven days before the armistice, when chauvinism was at its height, he proclaimed the freedom of the spirit by putting on a performance of Racine's "Phèdre."

Moreover, he constantly sought out every contemporary manifestation of the human spirit, transforming his stage into a living mirror reflecting the problems tormenting the minds and hearts of all peoples. And this man who came from a poor Jewish family, this man who never had any systematic education, raised himself so high by the strength of his own genius that he was able to dominate all social strata. He portrayed all types and illustrated their joy and suffering, their aspirations and despair, with thrilling precision.

His sense for literary values was as extraordinary as his flair for actors. He discovered writers and actors before they themselves knew their vocation. At the same time he suggested to playwrights—the most celebrated playwrights—scenes and acts, if not whole plays. He offered leading roles to people who had never been in the wings and who, from one day to the next, became famous actors.

There are some who claim he stifled the individuality of his actors. What nonsense! Reinhardt's genius expressed itself in exactly the opposite direction—in making the actor conscious of his own ego. I remember how he would walk beside the actor, rehearsing the role with him, moderating and accentuating his own voice and gestures, so that he became a mirror in which the actor could survey himself, criticize himself, and become himself.

But Reinhardt's great originality, the essence of his work, lay in his *mises en scène*. What did Reinhardt understand by the *mise en scène?* There are those who believe the secret of his magical virtuosity consisted in his arrangement of the stage, in décor and costume. They wonder why the name and fame of this artist who concealed himself behind the stage curtain surpassed that of the greatest actors. The truth is that all his ingenious stage machinery served him only as a means whereby the stage could be forgotten. What mattered to him was making the connection between the actor and the audience, between the dream and the reality.

From the actor he turned to the audience, whose slightest reaction he watched and studied incessantly. When the curtain goes up, the spectator is still too taken up with the impressions of the day to be able to concentrate solely on what is happening on the stage. The art of the actor consists in snatching him away from his preoccupations as quickly as possible. Otherwise the actor's dream cannot become real. Therefore the stage and the hall, his two sworn enemies, must be made to offer the least possible obstacle to the realization of the dream. I recall how upset Reinhardt was every time he heard anyone sneeze or cough at an intense moment. That spectator was his infallible criterion. Reinhardt knew that the play, or at any rate the particular scene during which the unhappy wretch coughed, was not yet up to the mark, and as soon as the theater was emptied he set to work again with his actors. He was convinced that perfect dramatic art, by carrying the spectator away from his real life, should, at least for the duration of the stage dream, cure him of his cough.

All of which explains his tireless search for the technical improvements that other *metteurs en scène* subsequently adopted without, however, succeeding in using them with Reinhardt's mastery. He began with the footlights, which light the face from below upward, in distinction to nature, which casts its light downward. Moreover, each hour of the day has its specific kind of light, as each kind of light has its own color, the tones of which change with the passing minutes. So he created gamuts of color hitherto unknown to the theater. Like a great painter extracting inimitable colors from his palette, he mixed them in the air until his projectors yielded the natural light that would give the audience the feeling of noon or of a particular hour of a sunny or gloomy day.

Later he invented the famous "sky" or horizon, an enormous concave wall, altering its depth at will and opening up perspectives according to the needs of the landscape set. With the revolving stage, that veritable harbinger of the talking cinema, Reinhardt endowed his actors with the means of moving from one room to another, from the street to the house or vice versa, without having to lower the curtain.

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For Reinhardt disliked the curtain, and he abhorred intermissions. He believed that when the curtain came down it destroyed the spectator's illusion, and that consequently the struggle between the spectator and the actor had to begin again with each new act. The ideal stage to him was one permitting him to present a complete play without the slightest intermission. Later on, however, he somewhat modified his view when he perceived that certain plays require a stationary stage.

As basically important to Reinhardt as the stage was the hall itself. When he grew weary of wrestling with the problem of perfecting a theater, he would have new ones built. His first important acquisition—the Deutsches Theater—was extremely beautiful but seated almost 1,000 and had a stage proportionately large. An intimate play, he found, could not always be suitably presented in such a theater. Plainly the rules of business were against such conceptions, but Reinhardt, whose artistic demands took precedence over all other considerations, built a theater of 400 seats which he called *Kammerspiele* or Chamber Playhouse, similar to halls where only chamber music is played.

It was in the logic of his art that he should have turned from the intimate theater toward the crowd that had always fascinated him, the same crowd which once filled the ancient circuses in its passion for huge spectacles. The result was the Grosses Schauspielhaus, an enormous hall seating 3,500, with a center arena where the actor, freed from the conventions of the stage, took his place at times right in the midst of the audience. Thus at performances of "Danton" actors and supers were stationed in the boxes and in the aisles, whence they hurled their violent diatribes against the Revolutionary Tribunal. Before long, so great was the illusion of reality he created, many in the audience began to mingle their excited voices with those of the actors.

Having successively pushed back the limits of the stage, he finally did away with it entirely. His dream of presenting plays in the open air was realized in the small city of Salzburg. In a short time the town became the most important rendezvous of the cosmopolitan world. There he utilized every spot lending itself to dramatic effect, even to his own château, in which he gave a single performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" for his guests, who included the performers.

Reinhardt, the great dreamer, was at the very summit of his career when the European catastrophe summoned him abruptly to a horrible reality: Hitler came to power and with him barbarism. Reinhardt left at once, leaving many of his dreams behind him, not to speak of all he had acquired in the course of a lifetime of hard work. Deprived of his wealth and his theaters, he went to Austria, thence to the United States, where he had already been so well received. The United States had always fascinated him. He considered Americans the ideal theater public, the most enthusiastic, and the most willing to be carried away by the actor's art. Unfortunately he did not succeed in finding the kind of setting he needed to express his genius freely—that is, a theater permitting him to create a select and permanent company, to perfect his staging continually, and to realize his new ideas. Accustomed to work only within the limits of his own imagination, he was suddenly confined to a narrow cage, at the pleasure of entrepreneurs.

I finish these lines after returning from the funeral of the man who was so dear to me. I am not yet able to inclose his personality within the narrow frame of an article. But of this I am certain: for a long time the theater will continue to draw sustenance from the deep well of Reinhardt's genius. Soon legend will catch up his name. It will tell of one possessed by the stage who left it one day to enter the circus arena, which in turn he abandoned to enlist in his high purpose churches, historical monuments, public places, and even his own home. Our poor world, which La Fontaine called "a spacious comedy in a hundred diverse acts," was for him as much the synonym of the beautiful as an unending drama that obsessed him from his childhood to his dying breath, the drama he never ceased illustrating with all the sorcery of his genius.

Brailsford on India

SUBJECT INDIA. By Henry Noel Brailsford. The John Day Company. $2.50.

IF THERE is one point in the Indian problem that cannot be disputed—or, at any rate, is not disputed, outside the ranks of the British Conservative Party—it is that Britain ought to stop ruling India as early as possible. But this is a smaller basis of agreement than it sounds, and the answers to literally every other question are always colored by subjective feelings. Mr. Brailsford is better equipped than the majority of writers on India in that he is not only aware of his own prejudices but possesses enough background knowledge to be unafraid of the "experts." Probably he has not been very long in India, perhaps he does not even speak any Indian language, but he differs from the vast majority of English left-wingers in having bothered to visit India at all, and in being more interested in the peasants than in the politicians.

As he rightly says, the great, central fact about India is its poverty. From birth to death, generation after generation, the peasant lives his life in the grip of the landlord or the money-lender—they are frequently the same person—tilling his tiny patch of soil with the tools and methods of the Bronze Age. Over great areas the children barely taste milk after they are weaned, and the average physique is so wretched that ninety-eight pounds is a normal weight for a full-grown man. The last detailed survey to be taken showed that the average Indian income was Rs. 62 (about £4-13-0) per annum: in the same period the average British income was £94. In spite of the drift to the towns that is occurring in India as elsewhere, the condition of the industrial workers is hardly better than that of the peasants. Brailsford describes them in the slums of Bombay, sleeping eight to a tiny room, with three water taps among four hundred people, and working a twelve-hour day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, for wages of around seven and six-pence a week. These conditions will not be cured simply by the removal of British rule, but neither can they be seriously improved while the British remain, because British policy, largely unconscious, is to hamper industrialization and preserve the status quo.

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The worst barbarities from which Indians suffer are inflicted on them not by Europeans but by other Indians—the landlords and money-lenders, the bribe-taking minor officials, and the Indian capitalists who exploit their working people with a ruthlessness quite impossible in the West since the rise of trade unionism. But although the business community, at any rate, tends to be anti-British and is involved in the Nationalist movement, the privileged classes really depend on British arms. Only when the British have gone will what Brailsford calls the latent class war be able to develop.

Brailsford is attempting exposition rather than moral judgment, and he gives no very definite answer to the difficult question of whether, on balance, the British have done India more good than harm. As he points out, they have made possible an increase of population without making it possible for that population to be properly fed. They have saved India from war, internal and external, at the expense of destroying political liberty. Probably their greatest gift to India has been the railway. If one studies a railway map of Asia, India looks like a piece of fishing-net in the middle of a white tablecloth. And this network of communications has not only made it possible to check famines by bringing food to the afflicted areas—the famine now raging in India would hardly have been a famine at all by the standards of a hundred years ago—but to administer India as a unit, with a common system of law, internal free trade and freedom of movement, and even, for the educated minority, a lingua franca in the English language. India is potentially a nation, as Europe, with its smaller population and greater racial homogeneity, is not. But since 1910 or thereabouts the British power has acted as a dead hand. Often loosely denounced as "fascist," the British regime in India is almost the exact opposite of fascism, since it has never developed the notion of positive government at all. It has remained an old-fashioned despotism, keeping the peace, collecting its taxes, and for the rest letting things slide, with hardly the faintest interest in how its subjects lived or what they thought, so long as they were outwardly obedient. As a result—to pick just one fact out of the thousands one could choose—the whole subcontinent, in this year of 1943, is incapable of manufacturing an automobile engine. In spite of all that can be said on the other side, this fact alone would justify Brailsford in his final conclusion: "Our day in India is over; we have no creative part to play."

Brailsford is justifiably bleak about the future. He sees that the handing over of power is a complicated process which cannot be achieved quickly, especially in the middle of a war, and that it will solve nothing in itself. There is still the problem of India's poverty and ignorance to be solved, and the struggle between the landlords, big business, and the labor movement to be fought out. And there is also the question of how, if at all, a backward agricultural country like India is to remain independent in a world of power politics. Brailsford gives a good account of the current political situation, in which he struggles very hard not to be engulfed by the prevailing left-wing orthodoxy. He writes judiciously about the tortuous character of Gandhi, comes nearer to being fair to Cripps than most English commentators have been—Cripps, indeed, has been the whipping-boy of the left, both British and Indian—and rightly emphasizes the importance of the Indian princes, who are often forgotten and who present a much more serious difficulty than the faked-up quarrel between Hindus and Moslems. At this moment India is such a painful subject that it is hardly possible to write a really good book about it. English books are either dishonest or irresponsible; American books are ignorant and self-righteous; Indian books are colored by spite and an inferiority complex. Well aware of the gaps in his knowledge and the injustices he is bound to commit, Brailsford has produced not only a transparently honest but —what is much rarer in this context—a good-tempered book. Nearly all books written about the British Empire in these days have the air of being written *at* somebody—either a Blimp, or a Communist, or an American, as the case may be. Brailsford is writing primarily for the ordinary British public, the people who before all others have the power and the duty to do something about India, and whose conscience it is first necessary to move. But it is a book that the American public might find useful too. Perhaps it is worth uttering the warning that—owing to war-time conditions—there are many misprints, and as some of them have crept into the statistics these are apt to be misleading.

GEORGE ORWELL

Ernie Pyle in Africa

HERE IS YOUR WAR. By Ernie Pyle. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

BRIDGE TO VICTORY: THE STORY OF THE RECONQUEST OF THE ALEUTIANS. By Howard Handleman. Random House. $2.

ERNIE PYLE, a small-town guy himself, has written about how a few hundred thousand other small-town guys fought the global war in the mountains and deserts of Tunisia, which reminded him quite a bit of the land around his place in Arizona. Ernie—it would seem pompous to call him Mr. Pyle—was perhaps the least natty and the most widely beloved newspaper correspondent in North Africa. Folks kept dropping in at his peregrinating tent to pass the time of day: two M. P.'s, for instance, who were young enough to be his sons and who didn't have much in common with him as far as he could see, were always coming in to chat. Ernie, in turn, was constantly dropping in on folks, too, because he liked folks. He got a great kick out of putting their names and addresses in the paper, because they loved it, and also because sometimes they helped him get his dispatches through censorship more quickly and with less emasculation. Mothers and sweethearts in America were always writing to Ernie asking him to say hello to their boys, which he did with pleasure.

Ernie is a small-town guy in the tradition of William Allen White and Will Rogers. He is shrewd, he invariably looks on the best side of things, and he makes jokes, funny ones, directed against himself, not against anyone else. Being around fifty and not too husky, he suffered in North Africa from climate and hardships. "The large and small diseases that infected the ragged carcass of this sad correspondent at all seasons and in all climes were known medically as Puny Pyle's Perpetual Pains." But let no one think that the small-

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town American, puny or not, was at a loss anywhere in the world. Two hundred miles deep in the Sahara Desert Ernie almost, but not quite, succeeded in conveying to an Arab boy by sign language that he shouldn't throw rocks at dogs.

Ernie used to be the editor of a Scripps-Howard paper. Eight years ago he persuaded the big boss to let him roam around the United States talking to folks and writing what he pleased. This worked out fine. His chatty articles were quietly relished in thousands of homes throughout the country. When war came, naturally he wanted to see what was going on overseas. He didn't bother about big headlines or grand strategy; he wrote the equivalent of letters home, telling the folks how their boys were getting along, what they were seeing, how they dolled up their tents, what it felt like to be in the middle of a battle, and so on. This book is an edited collection of his dispatches from North Africa.

He wrote in a flat, drowsy monotone, no more dramatic than a letter and just as irresistible. He didn't jazz anything up, nor did he get excited; this bothered him, because he thought he ought to. He wrote about what you would have seen yourself—provided, of course, you had Ernie's keen power of observation and his deep, sympathetic understanding of small-town guys. He did not go in for the spectacular, but he got around; and he got to more places than most correspondents because he wasn't chasing headlines.

Among other things, Ernie went sightseeing in a jeep to find out what a tank battle looked like. He got a little too close for comfort; he was in the middle of the humiliating but educational American defeat in central Tunisia. He was close enough to the shooting to be able to interpret shell-shock to those who have not suffered it. War has its own sounds, he says, which clothe themselves in unforgettable fierceness; and when you get away from the front the wind whistling around the eaves will remind you of a Stuka diving, and a shoe dropping in a hotel room above you will seem like the faint boom of a far-off big gun.

The one overwhelming desire of all American soldiers, Ernie found, was to get home. In the beginning, he thinks, they would have settled for a negotiated peace in order to get home. By now they have become less homesick, better adjusted to war life, coarser, rougher, and resigned to staying until the enemy is whipped. When it is over, they want things fixed so there won't be any more war. But somebody else will have to do the fixing; the men talk about sex, not about the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution.

Perhaps it is part of the perverseness of this war that it has to be fought in the most ungodly climates. North Africa was bad enough, but the Aleutian Islands, as described in "Bridge to Victory," were far worse. Bare existence there was an achievement, without Japanese snipers. Among other hazards were frozen feet, for the army was not smart enough to equip the men with the right boots.

Mr. Handleman, a correspondent for International News Service, has given the first comprehensive picture of the Aleutian campaign—the conquest of Attu and Kiska. He has done an able job of reporting. Like Ernie Pyle, he was interested in what the men did before they were precipitated into war. Major Hartl, who commanded the troops that landed on the Holtz Bay side of Attu, was a schoolteacherish fellow who never swore—he had not been used to swearing in civilian life when he was chief accountant of the North Dakota State Public Utilities Commission. It seems rather miraculous that the former accountant turned out to be an excellent battle leader; and that men who used to coach high-school baseball in Mississippi or serve customers in a Hollywood drive-in restaurant could be metamorphosed into soldiers tough and courageous enough to wrest the Aleutians out of Japanese hands.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Fiction in Review

DESPITE the destructive efforts of the critics—and even the *Times Book Review* allowed itself an unaccustomed field day of happy irony—Ilka Chase's "In Bed We Cry" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a novel inevitably slated for large sales. In the first place, it deals with a segment of contemporary life infinitely inviting to wishful thinking: its world is the world of the zebra stripes, bounded on the north by Cartier and on the south by Carnegie (Hattie, not Hall). In the second place, it talks about sex—oh, how it talks and talks!—in just the right voice to tickle the ears of people who would be horrified by out-and-out pornography. The gentility of its sexual accent is, in fact, one of the things that especially interest me about Miss Chase's upper-bracket Bohemia. Just as Devon Elliott, the dainty little tycooness of the cosmetic industry who is Miss Chase's heroine, can be blandly ruthless in her business dealings at no sacrifice of either manners or adorableness, she can move from bed to bed and still be a lady. The daughter of a college professor, Devon speaks French, knows a Picasso from a Chippendale breakfront, and even has friends in Washington. The upper-class libido, at its freest, is as well-anchored in literacy as it is cushioned by wealth.

I could wish that Miss Chase had been more specific than she is about the spending of Devon's millions. Vulgarly, I would have enjoyed seeing the actual cost-sheets instead of being left to wander wide-eyed through an untagged paradise of Madison Avenue decorating and English butlers, of champagne buckets and snacks at Voisin's. I could snare only two cold-cash items to pass on to my readers: on Beekman Place a plausible gift of roses costs $35; and at the Fifth Avenue salon of Devonshire House a good account is someone who spends ten thousand a year on her cosmetic upkeep. (Don't look now, darling, but isn't that a tumbril?)

The central problem of "In Bed We Cry" might be described as the conflict between sex and science—Devon's husband is tired of mixing beauty preparations and wants a laboratory of his own in which to experiment with a cure for burns—but the auxiliary problems the book confronts are rather more suggestive. For instance, did you know that in one important section of metropolitan society the big matrimonial hurdle is to find a man who doesn't drink? Another problem is that more and more men are finding it impossible to match the incomes of their wives; and Miss Chase says that after the war it will be even harder for women to balance their beds with their budgets. Political compatibility has also to be taken into account, what with the war and Roosevelt; Devon wonders about the political background of her refugee lover; she herself has strong

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feelings about the Nazis since they broke into her Paris salon and stole her secret formulas. Indeed, on the whole subject of refugeeism east of the Avenue Miss Chase is thought-provoking. "Not all refugee Europeans were automatically desirable," she explains. "Recent arrivals especially were so hell-bent on charming rich American women and trying to show up American men as poor lovers that their overzealousness made them ridiculous."

"In Bed We Cry" is a mine of such nuggets. But after all, that is reading it the wrong way; Miss Chase did not intend her novel as a social, even a revolutionary, document but as a purer form of entertainment.

"Hills of Home" (Houghton Mifflin, $2) is a first novel by Curtis Martin, a young naval officer now in the Pacific. But it is not a book about war; it is very much a book about peace, a strangely anonymous little volume which seems to me to have more merit than I have yet seen claimed for it and certainly more taste and decent humility than is characteristic of current fiction. Published as a novel, it is actually a collection of short stories connected by the fact that they all deal with the inhabitants of a single New Mexican town and that a certain John Fellows, standing for the author, appears in each of them.

I find Mr. Martin's stories touchingly successful in the composite picture they give of a small community. The ubiquity of John Fellows—he pops up at rather odd moments in every chapter—may be a literary fault, but it accurately indicates the range of Mr. Martin's interest in his fellow-townsmen: he draws his friends from every section of the town's life. His sympathy is simple, innate, and without a touch of self-consciousness or condescension; it not only illuminates the individuals he chooses for his little narratives but gives to the town itself the kind of poignant animateness which invests old houses and streets we have grown to love. If to be the kind of person he is is the first mark of literary talent, Mr. Martin is largely endowed.

Some of the chapters in "Hills of Home" are better than others—my favorites are September's Bridge and The Hills of November—but once the book gets under way, there is not a story without quality in the writing or without dramatic point. It is Mr. Martin's method to understate drama but, again, this is not self-conscious flamboyance in reverse; for instance, one does not have the impression that here is another author aping—and parodying—Hemingway, loading the most violent emotions into the fewest and sparsest words. On the other hand, despite Mr. Martin's naivete, he shows a sense of craft; I think it would be impossible, for example, to introduce the grandfather's visit into The Hills of November as Mr. Martin does, and compress it into such short space, without a knowledge that this is a very good literary way of doing things.

"Hills of Home" is not a book of great importance; it hasn't enough intellect for importance. Nor, indeed, does it profess to be any more than a first effort at writing fiction. Perhaps because I am so aware of the pitfalls it avoids, I praise it out of proportion to its actual accomplishments. But I have written so often of the self-indulgence of modern writing, its exhibitionism and its overwrought sensibility, that I am glad to err in compliment to restraint.

DIANA TRILLING

A Selected List of Children's Books

BY LENA BARKSDALE

PICTURE BOOKS

Where's My Baby? By H. A. Rey. With illustrations in color by the author. Houghton Mifflin. $1. An ingenious first animal book, with a large animal on each page. Turn the flap and the baby appears.

Mrs. Caliper's House. By Muriel Cooke and the Headley Harpers. With gay pictures by Sherman Cooke. Knopf. $1.50. Funny nonsense story about a fantastic house.

The Red, White, and Blue Auto. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. With absurd pictures by Tibor Gergely. Scott. $1. Full of action to delight the machinery-minded small boy.

Katy and the Big Snow. By Virginia Lee Burton. Illustrated in color by the author. Houghton Mifflin. $2. The exciting adventures of a crawler tractor.

Don't Count Your Chicks. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. With illustrations by the authors. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A folk tale brought to new life with excellent pictures, rich in humorous detail.

The Good-Luck Horse. By Chih-Yi and Plato Chan. Whittlesey. $1.50. A Chinese legend adapted by a Chinese mother and illustrated with humor and distinction by her twelve-year-old son.

Pierre Pidgeon. By Lee Kingman. With many illustrations by Arnold Edwin Bare. Houghton Mifflin. $2. A merry tale of the Gaspé, and of the small son of a fisherman who loves ships and ship models.

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The Viking Press
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TALES OF FACT AND FANCY

Soldiers, Sailors, Flyers, and Marines. By Mary Elting and Robert Weaver. With many illustrations by Jeanne Bendick. Doubleday, Doran. $2. Here are the answers, simply phrased and cleverly pictured, to all those baffling questions about life in the army and navy.

What Makes It Tick? By Katharine Britton. With illustrations by Jeanne Bendick. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. An inviting miscellany of information on scientific subjects.

Australia, the Island Continent. By Grace Allen Hogarth and Joan Colebrook. With picture map and illustrations by Howard W. Willard. Houghton Mifflin. $2. A brief and interesting history.

Biggest Bear on Earth. By Harold McCracken. With effective lithographs by Paul Branson. Stokes. $2. This story of a brown bear cub growing to full strength and power in his native Alaska is based on patient observation.

Three Gay Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gág. Coward, McCann. $1.50. Selected from the less familiar of the Grimm tales, these three are lively and amusing.

Many Moons. By James Thurber. With appropriate pictures in color by Louis Slobodkin. Harcourt, Brace. $2. This quaint tale of a little princess who wanted the moon has perception as well as humor and imagination.

Once Upon a Time. By Agnes Fisher. With drawings by Zhenya Gay. Nelson. $2.50. Twenty-seven stories gathered from the folk tales, myths, and legends of the United Nations.

Jack Tales. Edited by Richard Chase and illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Authentic folk tales from the southern Appalachians.

Mary Poppins Opens the Door. By P. A. Travers. With drawings by Mary Shepard. Reynal and Hitchcock. $1.75. This long-awaited book will entirely fulfil the expectations of Mary Poppins's most admiring friends.

Fog Magic. Julia L. Sauer. With frontispiece and end papers by Lynd Ward. Viking. $2. A story of distinction which successfully links the past with the present.

The Secret of Pooduck Island. By Alfred Noyes. With drawings by Flora Nash de Muth. Stokes. $2. A rare and lovely story of an adventurous squirrel family and an understanding human being.

FOR EIGHT-TO-TWELVE-YEAR-OLDS

The Open Gate. By Kate Seredy. With illustrations by the author. Viking. $2.50. Liveliness, charm, good characterization, and amusing incident distinguish this story of an American city family which inadvertently acquires a farm.

Silver Saddles. By Corvelle Newcomb. With illustrations by Addison Burbank. Longmans Green. $2.25. Exciting story of a thoroughbred horse and his boy rider on a dangerous journey through the mountains of Mexico.

The Picts and the Martys. By Arthur Ransome. Macmillan. $2.50. Entertaining, exciting, and humorous.

Rufus M. By Eleanor Estes. With drawings by Louis Slobodkin. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A small boy's struggles to get acquainted with his world, related with humor and insight.

Bayou Susette. By Lois Lenski. With illustrations by the author. Stokes. $2. Lively story of a small French girl and her devoted Indian companion in a Louisiana village.

Thief Island. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. With illustrations by John C. Wonsetler. Macmillan. $1.75. This excellent family story has charm and atmosphere as well as mystery and adventure.

Marching to Jerusalem. By Ruth Langland Holberg. With illustrations by Henrietta Jones. Crowell. $2. Colorful story of the Children's Crusade marching through medieval France.

The Level Land. By Dola de Jong. With illustrations by Jan Hoowij. Scribner's. $1.75. Story of a gay, friendly Holland family, which met the Nazi invasion with spirit and great courage.

Timur and His Gang. By Arkady Gaidar. Translated by Zina Voynow and illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Scribner's. $1.75. Shows the ingenious, warm-hearted Young Pioneers of Russia at play and at work.

Homer Price. By Robert McCloskey. With many humorous drawings by the author. Viking. $2. Six hilarious episodes in the life of a small American boy.

Mountain Born. By Elizabeth Yates. With drawings by Nora S. Unwin. Coward, McCann. $2. A fine homespun American story of a sheep farm and a boy shepherd.

Bow Bells. By Katharine Gibson. With illustrations by Vera Bock. Longmans, Green. $2. In which Chaucer rubs elbows with Dick Whittington in a colorful story of fourteenth-century London.

Watling Green. By Mollie Panter-Downes. With illustrations by Malkin West. Scribner's. $1.50. This realistic story of a family in England at war is alive and revealing.

The Sea Snake. By Stephen W. Meader. With illustrations by Edward Shenton. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Fast moving story of an American boy who discovers enemy agents and is captured and held on a German submarine.

FOR THE TEENS AGE

Sigurd and His Brave Companions. By Sigrid Undset. With illustrations by Gunvor Bull Teilman. Knopf. $2. Spirited story of thirteenth-century Norway.

Starbuck Valley Winter. By Roderick L. Haig-Brown. Morrow. $2. Vigorous story of hunting and trapping in British Columbia. Good writing and good characterization.

Submarine Sailor. By George Felsen. Dutton. $2.50. An American submarine on a dangerous mission in Pacific waters.

Flights to Glory. By John Purcell. Vanguard. $2.50. Graphic stories of our heroic fliers in the Second World War.

The Life and Times of Simon Bolivar. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. With illustrations by the author. Dodd, Mead. $2.50. Entertaining and thought-provoking.

Johnny Tremain. By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Vivid story of a young Boston patriot when Paul Revere and the Boston Tea Party made history. Rich background and colorful incidents.

Here is Africa. By Ellen and Attilio Gatti, with many good photographs. Scribner's. $2.50. Informative and entertaining.

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Made in China. By Cornelia Spencer. With color plates showing Chinese art objects. Knopf. $3. Discerning study of the arts, crafts, and culture of China. Introduction by Lin Yutang.

Peter the Great. By Nina Brown Baker. Vanguard. $2.50. This fictionalized biography of the great reform Czar gives an illuminating picture of old Russia.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, Trail Maker of the Seas. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Longmans, Green. $2. Biography of a great American gentleman who was a distinguished scientist and naval expert.

Curtain Going Up! By Gladys Malvern. Messner. $2.50. A delightful biography of Katherine Cornell.

Valiant Comrades: A Story of Our Dogs at War. By Ruth Adams Knight. Doubleday, Doran. $2. A fine collie, trained at Front Royal, proves his mettle at the front.

Wide Fields. By Irmengarde Eberle. Crowell. $2.50. Enthusiastic story of the life and achievements of Jean Henri Fabre.

Keystone Kids. By John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Baseball jargon and a true sense of good sportsmanship happily blended.

Great Caesar's Ghost! By Manning Coles. Doubleday, Doran. $2. Modern mystery story, involving the discovery of an ancient Roman city still functioning behind high African cliffs.

FILMS

PRINCESS O'ROURKE," I had thought, might be treated like other social errors of its sort: an unobtrusive raising of the window, and the less said the better. But since it is being acclaimed, by everyone in sight so far as my eyes carry, as one of the best comedies of the year, I am forced to reconsider. Reconsidering, I accept it as a jaw-breaking rebuke to anyone, like myself, who likes to think that Hollywood underestimates its audience. This noisome show is about a Princess who, with the help of her jolly old chum President Roosevelt, married an American air pilot. The two basic lines of comedy are snobbery of the sorriest native kind: the common man's worship of the titled one, and the common man's even more abandoned, even less understandable adoration of himself. Along the inside of this vicious-cycle track, neck and neck, scamper the ideas that all titled European males are sterile and that all untitled works-in-progress from God's little acre are guaranteed capable of bringing on any number of sons just like them. This ugly rubbish is packaged in the kind of prime government-inspected whimsy which you might expect if the *New Yorker's* humorists were picking up egg money from *Railway Age:* Princess-meets-banana-split, and so on. There is also a grisly saucer of musical chop suey called Honorable Moon. Jack Carson I like and Jane Wyatt I am eager to forgive, in spite of everything; and I am vulnerable to Olivia de Havilland in every part of my being except the ulnar nerve. But if ever a standing indication were needed that as a people we do not deserve to mouth such words as "democracy," let alone "common sense" or "minimum human decency," this is it.

"The Iron Major" is a respectful, rather dull picture about the football coach Frank Cavanaugh. Such able, unintellectual, cagy teachers are very much work talking about, but all the talk here is in words of less than one syllable. All you get is Pat O'Brien's nicely controlled performance and a few pretty period-shots of Worcester, Mass.

"Deerslayer," on the other hand, can be recommended to anyone who would not feel that an eight-year-old boy who gallops up howling "Wah-wah, I'm an Indian" needs to consult a psychiatrist. I don't feel that most bad pictures are "bad enough to be funny"; they are just bad enough to be fascinating, not to say depressing as hell. But this defenseless and disarming show is the purest dumb delight I have seen in a long time. JAMES AGEE

AMUSEMENTS

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MUSIC

AFTER Toscanini's second broadcast with the N. B. C. Symphony —superlative performance wasted on mediocre Russian music—which I listened to on Frequency Modulation, I tuned in on WQXR's FM broadcast of the first New Friends of Music concert. It had been scheduled to open with Beethoven's Quartet Opus 127 played by the Busch Quartet; and I caught the finale played with a surprising suavity of tone in place of the thin, scratchy, wooden sounds that I had expected to hear. The movement ended; and then came the announcement, "You have just heard Beethoven's Quartet Opus 127 played by the Busch Quartet on Victor records." Amazed, I switched the machine to WQXR's normal broadcast, and again heard the finale of Opus 127, this time with the thin, scratchy, wooden sounds of the living Busch Quartet of today. The great point of FM, its superiority over the normal broadcast, is its wider frequency-range, which produces greater fidelity to the living sound; but WQXR was broadcasting the living concert performance in the normal way, and on FM it was broadcasting a performance whose sound was reduced in range to the limitation—possibly 5,000 cycles—of European recording six or seven years ago! It was a little like the manufacturers' selling cheap radio sets equipped with FM tuners but with speakers incapable of transmitting the FM range.

Among Victor's October releases that have been late in reaching me is Milhaud's Suite Provençale played by the St. Louis Symphony under Golschmann (Set 951, $2.50). In this work some eighteenth-century folk-tunes of Milhaud's native Provence and some themes of the Provençal composer André Campra (1660-1744), which seem to have been quite engaging in their original forms, are made horrid by the harmonic treatment Milhaud subjects them to. Some of the orchestration is attractive; the performance is very good; and the sound is reproduced with the extraordinary beauty that Victor achieved also with the St. Louis performances of the Couperin-Milhaud "La Sultane" music and Sibelius's Seventh Symphony.

"Miss Markova's phenomenal balance," wrote Edwin Denby of Markova's Juliet, in the *Herald Tribune*, "her quickness in those movements of the body which are generally heaviest (movements of the thighs and hips) give her a lightness that is all her own." Strength and agility of thighs and hips, then, were what produced a Juliet who was "a creature of another sphere," as against Nora Kaye's Juliet, who did not convince one "of [her] innocence of heart or of her unique spirit." Strength and agility of thighs and hips were also, presumably, what produced the greater sharpness of Markova's movements in "Aleko," and in this way a gypsy with greater emotional intensity than Kaye's. And I suppose the same explanation accounts for other differences. Alicia Alonso in "Giselle" and the *pas de deux* of "Les Sylphides," Rosella Hightower in the "Bluebird" or "Nutcracker" *pas de deux* were technically brilliant, graceful, exquisite; but at each point one recalled a breath-taking pattern of silhouetted body moving or motionless in space, which was partly the particular configuration of Markova's body and partly a mere matter of strength and agility of thighs and hips.

One gets a sharper realization of the tremendous, straining, panting, sweating muscular effort which produces the appearance of cool grace, of a body whirling, soaring, floating in space with incorporeal quickness and lightness, creating breath-taking patterns as it moves or stops moving—the effort which produces the appearance of all this happening without any effort at all. And if one happens to pass the dancers on the street without recognizing them one gets a sharper realization of how largely their radiant, lovely, glamorous, impressive appearances on the stage are created by make-up, costume, lighting, and how completely the rich personalities and significances they communicate are created by whatever movements they are given to do by the choreographer.

"Lilac Garden" was excellently done. In "Les Sylphides" with Hightower and Alonso was Lucia Chase, who substituted for Markova in the Prelude with an inadequacy that was painful. In "Three Virgins and a Devil" John Kriza, trying to do more than Jerome Robbins had done as the Youth, ruined the part by doing too much; while Robbins, in the Lazovsky part of the Devil, tried to do things in ways of his own that made one long for Lazovsky; and in general these lesser male dancers who were given more to do this season flung themselves about excessively. This was part of the all-around let-down that showed itself further in the raggedness of the group movements in the second act of "Giselle." Michael Kidd, in the title role of "Billy the Kid," lacked technical security (in balance) and—perhaps for this reason—the dynamic force that Loring had; and if Loring cannot be had to dance in the ballet he should at least be brought in to restore what has been changed and forgotten in the movements of groups; but even in its present state of deterioration it is one of the outstanding things in the Ballet Theater repertory. And the same may be said of "Petrushka," where the principal roles were danced adequately by Massine, Chase, and Eglevsky, but the crowd scenes were the usual chaos, and the performance of the music was the usual massacre.

B. H. HAGGIN

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KENNY BAKER JOHN BOLES
ONE TOUCH OF VENUS
with PAULA LAURENCE and TEDDY HART
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CONTRIBUTORS

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Letters to the Editors

Jim Crow Again

Dear Sirs: At this time when everyone's attention is focused on the world-wide battle fronts, we often forget the struggle to retain civil liberties taking place on the home front.

At the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Connecticut, on August 11, 1943, nineteen of the conscientious objectors went on a work strike to end segregation of Negroes and whites in the dining-hall. At other times the men are allowed to mingle freely, but during meals they are kept in separate parts of the dining-room and not permitted to talk to each other.

The federal government, as personified by the President of the United States, has on a number of occasions reiterated its belief in the Four Freedoms and in the equality of all regardless of race or religion. Segregation is unjust under any circumstances, but for the federal government to permit Jim Crow in federal institutions that are supported by all sections of the population is to play into the hands of fascist reaction and to be paying only lip-service to the ideals of the Four Freedoms.

The prison authorities refuse to negotiate with the strikers. These men are anxious to end the strike and would do so readily if the prison authorities showed any indication of ending segregation some time in the future. It is ironic indeed that these young men, who are such unflinching believers in democracy, have been placed in solitary confinement for adhering to democratic ideals that many thousands of anti-fascists have died for in Hitler's concentration camps.

ALEXANDER M. MANN

Hollis, N. Y., November 3

A Socialist Explains

Dear Sirs: I should like to make a few belated comments on the article by Harold Laski in *The Nation* of September 18. Mr. Laski remarks that he has "no knowledge of the attitude of the various divisions of the American socialist movement in regard to the attempt to rediscover the terms on which the international working class might find unity." It is obvious from other sections of his article that the author is referring here to the kind of political as well as trade-union international unity which characterized the relations of the labor and socialist movements prior to the First World War.

While I cannot speak for the Social Democratic right wing of American socialism—of whose historical antagonism to the Soviet Union Mr. Laski is well aware—I should like to explain briefly to Mr. Laski and those who share his hopes the position of the more leftward division of American socialism, which, for all its tactical differences with communism, looked upon the Soviet Union as potentially "socialist" as late as 1937 and called for its "defense" by the international working class.

First let me say that American socialists, in particular those represented by the Socialist Party, see no reason, either in *Realpolitik* or ideology, for any lack of "unity" among the three great status quo powers—Britain, the United States, and Russia. We agree fully with those increasingly numerous and more far-sighted representatives of private enterprise—whose enthusiasm for the Soviet Union increases with every internal retreat from "communism," every victory of the Red Army—that Russia (that is, Stalin) today is in no sense a threat to the present order, that Stalin is *not* seeking to promote revolutions abroad, even though, in an effort to wring strategic concessions from his United Nations partners, he may hint at the dire consequences of non-cooperation or go fishing for palace revolutions among the potential Darlans and Badoglios of the German army. We would go even farther and add that Stalin will do everything in his power to *prevent* democratic—that is, non-Stalinist—social revolutions in Europe, success of which would unquestionably constitute a serious threat to the Russian dictatorship. Stalin's Russia is therefore the natural ally of some forces which seek to preserve the main outlines of the status quo, and the most potent anti-revolutionary force in the world today.

But the very factors which furnish a logical base for the cooperation and unity of Stalin's Russia and the governments of the capitalist democracies, as well as their liberal supporters, have destroyed any logical base—a common ideology and purpose—for unity between democratic revolutionary socialists and those Stalinist forces throughout the world whose sole purpose is the defense and support of the totalitarian state machine of Stalin. The politicians of right-wing Social Democracy—some of whom are mentioned by Mr. Laski—who have long since made their peace with liberal capitalism, may very well also make their peace with Stalinism, as did their Spanish representatives in the middle thirties. But there is no ground for unity today between the Socialist and libertarian left and the adherents and apologists of the Stalinist right, which has sought to exterminate them, physically as well as politically, within the past ten years.

The cleavage between these two tendencies of what was once the international social revolutionary movement does not rest, as Mr. Laski seems to think upon a "generation of internecine conflict" stemming from the "split" of 1919. It rests rather upon the *experience* of the past decade, the character of Soviet development, and our analysis of the nature of the Russian state. To Mr. Laski the Soviet Union represents a stage in the completion of the process of human emancipation which began with the French and American revolutions. We too believed that at one time. This was undoubtedly the potential of the Russian Revolution. Today, however, we believe that in structure and organization the Soviet Union has come to represent that totalitarian collectivism, that bureaucratic party-state, toward which both Germany and Italy, starting from wholly different ideological premises, have been heading. We know now that the mere nationalization of the productive processes, however complete, does not mean "socialism," any more than the alignment of the Red Army on the side of the democracies means that Russia is a "democracy."

If Mr. Laski and the liberals do not understand the real character of the cleavage between the democratic socialist and the Stalinist forces—putting it down to silly "tactical" differences and outworn rivalries—Stalin and his international cohorts understand it very well, and have acted accordingly. That is why they have extended the hand of friendship to every right-wing opportunist within the international movement and the dagger to the left. The execution of Alter and Ehrlich was not an isolated "crime," one of those inexplicable

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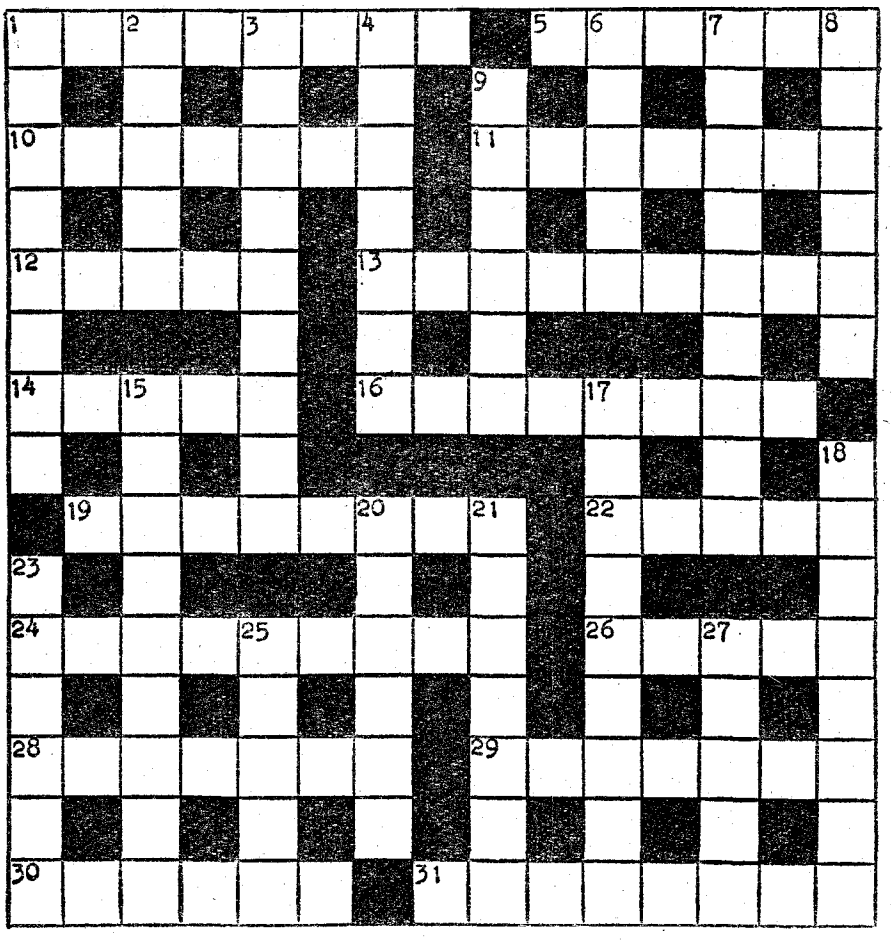
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 39

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 In the case of this British general, would a poke in the ribs be cavalier treatment?
5 You would hardly expect to find a U. S. port in this state of inactivity
10 What we're fighting for is expressed here by a frank Portuguese
11 A Brutus named Herb
12 Surely a gent can act for another?
13 Pet creeds might be regarded with some degree of reverence
14 "That little bit more, and how much it is!"
16 He can croak and still live
19 Better known to railroad men as the caboose, no doubt
22 A landlubber on his first ocean voyage is likely to be this in a double sense (two words, 2 and 3)
24 This Eastern punishment ain't so bad when it's altered
26 Does *he* know the Highway Code
28 Gave out without being exhausted
29 Poacher's dog
30 You can almost make merry with this drink
31 Artisans turned autocrats

DOWN

1 Danger sign that is beyond the keenest sight (hyphen, 5 and 3)
2 What made the cowslip? A glance from this, perhaps
3 Shunt
4 This is not to your credit
6 Many games are played thereon
7 Drinks for which you'll need a pot to start with
8 Red Sea (anag.)
9 A donkey in repose
15 Reverses a silk hat and enables you to get in
17 Flat-headed sycophant
18 It is necessary to keep a watch on these in war time
20 Dan's Vi is broken up over the food question
21 No doles for these simpletons
23 Preoccupy the bosses
25 To plant, colloquially speaking
27 She appears in a well-known article

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 38

ACROSS:—1 PRESENCE OF MIND; 9 LIQUEUR; 10 DYNAMOS; 11 CRINGE; 12 REPOUSSE; 14 EYEBALL; 15 HASTE; 17 NYLON; 19 INWARDS; 21 HOUNSLOW; 23 DIEPPE; 25 WIDGEON; 26 ENGROSS; 27 TRIED AND TRUSTY.

DOWN:—1 POLICEMAN; 2 ESQUIRE; 3 EVERGREEN; 4 CORN; 5 ODDFELLOWS; 6 MANGO; 7 NEMESIS; 8 ESNE; 13 CALIFORNIA; 15 HARBINGER; 16 ENDLESSLY; 18 LAUNDER; 20 SIPHONS; 21 HOWL; 22 SWEDE; 24 DEAD.

naughty deeds for which the liberals are forced to apologize. Alter and Ehrlich represented all that was best in the international socialist and labor movement—and incidentally still maintained a certain faith in Stalin's "socialist" integrity. It was precisely because of this, and because they refused to act as stooges for Stalin's designs in Poland, that they had to be destroyed. But before them other left-wing socialists and libertarians in Spain, in France, in Germany, and throughout the world were destroyed, even while they were giving their lives to the fight against fascism. Here in the United States the cohorts of Stalinism make a united front with capitalism's most disreputable elements, while they call for the suppression of the Socialist press, the imprisonment of Socialist leaders, and—lacking the power of execution—attempt to assassinate verbally every labor and radical leader with the integrity to oppose their designs.

Mr. Laski may say that regardless of our attitude toward Stalin and the Communists we have no quarrel with the heroic peoples of the Soviet Union. That is quite true. But unfortunately there can be no unity, on an organizational basis, with the peoples of a police state, over the heads of their rulers. If there were an independent, that is, a real labor movement in Russia, if there were opposition working-class parties, such unity would be possible. If, as Mr. Laski claims, the Soviet Union is "the central support upon which the future of the working class depends," then God help the working class!

TRAVERS CLEMENT

Bethel, Conn., October 2

Contacts Wanted

Private J. W., a *Nation* reader now stationed in Alabama, writes that he would like to meet other *Nation* readers in Birmingham, Chattanooga, or Atlanta. We shall be glad to forward letters from readers in those cities who are interested.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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